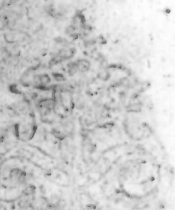
THE FAYRE MAIDE Of the EXCHANGE:

Together

With the merry humours, and pleaſant paſſages of the Cripple of Fanchurch.

Furniſhed with variety of delectable Mirth.

LONDON,
Printed by *A. G.* and are to be ſold at the ſigne of the *Grey-hound* in *Pauls* Church-yard.
1637.



Eleaven may easily acte this Comedy.

Berry *an old man*
Bobbingron
Gardiner
Officers
} for one.

Mal Berry } for one.

Flower *an humorous old man*
Bennet
Scarlet
Ralph
} for one.

Cripple } for one.

Barnard
Flowers *wife*
Vrsula
Boy
} for one.

Anthony Golding *Gentleman.* } for one.

Ferdin. Gold. *gent. and* Wood. } for one.

Franke Golding. *Gentleman.* } for one.

Bowdler *an humorous gallant.* } for one.

Phillis *the faire Maide.* } for one.

Fiddle *the Clowne.* } for one.

Prologus.

THe humble Socke that true Comedians weare,
Our Muſe hath don'd, and to your fav'ring eyes,
In loweſt Plaine-ſong doth her ſelfe appeare,
Borrowing no colour from a quaint diſguiſe:
If your faire favours canſe her ſpirit to riſe,
Shee to the higheſt pitch her wings ſhall reare,
And prowd cothurnicke action ſhall deviſe,
To win your ſweet applauſe ſhe deſines ſo deare.

Meane while ſhore up your tender pamping twig,
That yet on humble ground doth lowly lie:
Your favours ſunneſhine guilding once this ſprig,
It may yeeld *Nectar* for the gods on hie:
Though our Invention lame, imperfect be,
Yet give the Cripple almes for charity.

THE
Faire Maid of the Exchange.

Scene. I.

Enter Scarlet and Bobbington.

EVEN now the well-come twi-light doth salute
Th'approaching night, clad in black sable weeds.
Backe as my thoughts, that harbour nought but death,
Theft, murthers, rapes and such like damned actes,
The infant babes to whom my soule is nurse:
Come *Bobbington*, this starre bespangled skie
Bodeth some good, the wether's faire and dry.

Bob. My scarlet-hearted *Scarlet*, gallant bloud,
Whose bloody deeds are worthy memory
Of after ages, let me imbrace thee: so
So now me thinkes I fold a richer gemme,
Than wealthy *India* can afford to *Spaine*:
There lies my treasure, and within thy armes
Security that never breedeth harmes.

Scarlet. Brave resolution, I am proud to see
So sweet a graft upon a worme-wood tree,
Whose juyce is gall, but yet the fruite most rare:
Who wreakes the tree, if that the fruit be faire?
Therefore resolve, if we a booty get,
It bootes not whence, from whom, when, where, or what.

Bob. Well (God forgive us) here lets take our stands,
We must have gold although we have no lands.

Enter

Enter Philis and Vrsula.

Phil. Stay *Vrsula*, have you those sutes of Ruffes,
Those stomachers, and that fine peece of Lawne,
Marck'd with the Letters C.C. and S.

Vrsula. I have.

Phil. If your forgetfulnesse cause any defect,
You'r like to pay for't, therefore looke unto it.

Vrsu. I would our iourney had as safe an end,
As I am sure my Ladies ruffes are here,
And other wares which she bespoke of you.

Phil. Tis good; but stay, give me thy hand my girle,
Tis somewhat darke, come, let us helpe eachother:
She past her word one of her gentlemen
Should meet us at the bridge, and that's not farre,
I muse they are not come, I assure thee,
Were I not much beholding to her Ladiship
For many kindnesses: *Mile-end*, should stand
This gloomy night unvisited for us.
But come, me thinks I may discerne the bridge,
And see a man or two, in very deed,
Her word, her love and all is very honourable.

Bob. A prize your g *Scarlet*, Oh, a gallant prize,
And we the Pirats that will seaze the same
To our owne uses.

Scar. But hold man, not too fast:
As farre as I can gather by their words,
They take us for my Ladies Gentlemen,
Who, as it seemes, should meet them on their way
Then if thou sai'st the word weele seeme those men,
And by those meanes withdraw them from their way
Where we may rifle them of what they carry,
I meane, both goods, and their virginity.

Bob. Tit well advis'd, but *Scarlet*, give me leave
To play the Gentlemen and welcome them.

Scar. Inioy thy wish.

Bob. Welcome you sacred starres,
That adde bright glory to the sable night.

Scar. Excellent by heaven.

Bob.

Bob. I am sorry your beautie's so discomfited,
Treading so many tedious weary steps,
And we not present to associate you.
Scar. Oh, blessed *Bobbington.*
Phil. Sir, I doe thanke you for this taken paines,
That as your worthy Ladie promisde me,
We now inioy your wished company.
Scar. Shee's thine owne boy, I warrant thee.
Bob. And I am proud, too proud of this imployment,
Come M. *Scarlet* take you that pretty sweet,
You see my Ladies care; she promisde one
But hath sent two.
Phil. Tis honourably done.
Bob. This is your way.
Phil. That way, alas sir no.
Bob. Come, it is: nay then it shall be so.
Phil. What meane you Gentlemen?
Vrsu. O he will rob me.
Phil. Looke to the box *Vrsula.*
Phil. & Vrsu. Helpe, helpe, murther, murther.

Enter Cripple.

Crip. Now you supporters of decrepit youth,
That mount this substance twixt faire heaven and earth,
Be strong to beare that huge deformity,
And be my hands as nimble to direct them,
As your desires to waft me hence to London.
Phil. & Vrsu. Helpe, helpe, heele ravish me.
Crip. My thinks I heare the sound of raviſhment.
Phil. & Vrsula. Helpe, helpe.
Crip. Marry and will, knew I but where, and how.
What doe I see?
Theeves full of lust beset virginity?
Now stirre thee Cripple, and of thy foure legs
Make use of one to doe a virgin good:
Hence ravening curres: what, are you at a prey?
Will nothing satisfie your greedy chaps
But virgins flesh? Ile teach you prey on carrion. *Fight & beate*
Packe damned raviſhers, hence villaines. *them away.*

Phil. Thankes, honest friend, who from the gates of death
Hath set our virgin soules at liberty.
Crip. Give God the glory that gave me the power.
Phil. I doe, kinde Sir, and thinke my selfe much bound
To him above, to thee that treads this ground:
And for this aid, Ile ever honour thee;
My honour you have sau'd, redeem'd it home:
Which wer't not done, by this time had beene gone.
Crip. Hereafter more of this; but tell me now
The cause of these events, th'effect, and how.
Phil. Ile tell you sir; but let us leave this place.
And onward on our way.

Enter Scarlet and Bobbington.

Bob. It shall be so, see where they walke along,
Ile crosse the other way and meet them full,
Keepe thou this way and when thou hearst us chat,
Come thou behinde him snatch away his crutches,
And then thou know'st he needs must fall to ground,
And what shall follow leave the rest to me. *Exit. Bob.*
Scar. About it then.
Crip. Yfaith she is an honourable Lady,
And I much wonder that her Ladiship
Gives intertaine to such bad men as these.

Enter Bobbington.

Bob. Stand thou that hast more legs than nature gave thee.
Crip. Mongrell, ile choose.
Scar. Then goe to sir, you shall.
All, All, Murder, murder.

Enter Franke Goulding.

Frank. Stay there my horse:
Whence comes this eccho of extremity?
All. Helpe, helpe.
Frank. What doe I heare a virgin call for helpe?
Hands off dam'd villaines, or by heaven I sweare,
Ile send you all to hell. *Fight and drive them away.*
Crip. Hold, forbeare,
Ile came in rescue of Virginity.
Phil. He did, he did, and freed us once from thrall.

But now the second time they wrought his fall.

Frank. Now you distressed objects, doe you tell
Vpon what mount of woe your sorrowes dwell.

Phil. First get we hence away, and as we goe
Kinde gentleman, our fortunes you shall know.

Crip. Thanks worthy sir, may but the Cripple be,
Of power to gratifie this courtesie,
I then shall thinke the heavens doe favour me.

Phil. No more now for Gods sake, let us goe hence.

Crip. If I doe live, your love Ile recompence. *Exeunt.*

Enter Moll Berry.

Moll. NOw for my true-love's hand-kercher; these flowers
Are pretty toyes, are very pretty toyes:
O but me thinks the Peascod would doe better,
The Peascod and the Blossome, wonderfull!
Now as I live, ile surely have it so.
Some maides will choose the Gillyflower, some the Rose,
Because their sweet cents doe delight the nose,
But very fooles they are in my opinion,
The very worst being drawne by cunning art,
Seemes to the eye as pleasant to the heart.
But heer's the question, whether my love or no
Will seeme content? I, there the game doth goe:
And yet ile pawne my head he will applaude
The Peascod and the flower, my pretty choice,
For what is he loving a thing in heart,
Loves not the counterfeit, though made by art?
I cannot tell how others fancy stand,
But I rejoyce sometime to take in hand,
The simile of that I love; and I protest,
That pretty peascod likes my humour best.
But ile unto the drawers, heele counsell me,
Heere is the shop; alas, what shall I doe?
Hee's not within, now all my labour's lost,
See, see, how forward love is ever crost,
But stay, what Gallant's this?

Enter M. Bowdler.

Bowd. A plague on this Drawer, hee's never at home:
Good morrow sweet-heart, tell me, how thou dost?

Mall. Vpon what acquaintance? (say, Amen.

Bowd. That's all one, once I love thee, give me thy hand and

Mall. Hands off, sir Knave, and weare it for a favour.

Bowd. What? dost thou meane thy love pretty foole?

Mall. No foole, the knave, O grosse;
A gentleman and of so shallow wit!

Bowd. I know thou camst to the Drawer.

Mall. How then?

Bowd. Am not I the properer man?

Mall. Yes, to make an asse on.

Bowd. Will you get up and ride?

Mall. No, ile lackey by his side, and whip the Asse.

Bowd. Come, come, leave your iesting, I shall put you down.

Mall. With that face! away, you want wit.

Bowd. By this hand, I shall.

Mall. By the Asse-head you shall not.

Bowd. Go to, you are a woman.

Mall. Come, come, y'are a man.

Bowd. I have seene as faire.

Mall. I have heard as wise.

Bowd. As faire as *Mall Berry*.

Mall. I wise as young *Bowdler*. *Bowd.* As M. *Bowdler*.

Mall. Hoida; come up. *Bowd.* Go thou downe then.

Mall. No good asse, bare an Asse of that.

Enter Barnard.

Bar. What M. *Bowdler*, will it neere be otherwise?
Still, still a hunting, every day wenching?

Bowd. Faith sir, the modest behaviour of this gentlewoman,
Hath infionated my company.

Mall. Lord how eloquence flowes in this gentleman!

Bowd. Faith, I shall put you downe in talke, you were best

Mall. No sir, I will hold out as long as I may, (to yeeld.
Though in the end you beare the foole away.

Bowd. Meane you by me? you gull me not?

Mall. No by this night, not I.

Bowd.

Bowd. For if you did, I would intoxicate my head.
Mall. Yea I dare ſweare youle goe a ſoole to bed.
Bowd. Meane you by mee? you gull me not?
Bar. No, I dare ſweare the Gentlewoman meanes well.
Mall. And ſo I doe indeed, himſelfe can tell;
But this it is, ſpeake Maidens what they will,
Men are ſo captious the'l ever conſter ill.
Barn. To her ſir, to her, I dare ſware ſhe loves you:
Bowd. Well then faire *Mall*, you love me as you ſay.
Mall. I never made you promiſe, did I, I pray?
Bowd. All in good time you will doe, elſe you lie,
Will you not?
Mall. No forſooth not I.
Bowd. *Barnard*, ſhe gulles me ſtill.
Barn. Tis but your miſ-conceit, try her againe:
You know by courſe all women muſt be coy;
To her againe, then ſhe may happly yeeld.
Bowd. Not I, in faith.
Mall. Then mine ſhall be the field:
Wiſdome, adue, once more faint heart farwell;
Yet if thou ſeeſt the Drawer, I prethee tell him,
Mall Berry hath more worke for him to doe:
And for your ſelfe, learne this when you doe woe,
Arme you with courage, and with good take heed,
For he that ſpares to ſpeake muſt ſpare to ſpeed,
And ſo farwell. *Exit.*
Bowd. Call her againe, *Barnard*.
Barn. Shee's to ſwift for me:
Why this is the right courſe of gullery,
What did you meane having ſo faire an aime
So fondly to let ſlip ſo faire a game?
Bowdler, become a man for maides will ſtand,
And then ſtrike home, art thou not young and luſty,
The minion of delight, faire from thy birth,
Adonis play-pheere, and the pride of earth?
Bowd. I know it, but a kind of honeſt blood,
Tilts in my loynes, with wanton appetites,
She bade me doe a meſſage to the Drawer,

And

And I will doe it; there will come a day,
When *Humfrey Bowdler*, will keepe holiday,
Then *Mall* looke to your selfe, see you be sped,
Or by this light Ile have your maiden head.

Barn. Spoke like a gallant, spoke like a gentleman, spoke like your selfe:
Now doe I see some sparkes of manhood in you,
Keepe in that key, keepe in the selfe same song,
Ile gage my head youle have her love ere long. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ferdinand and Franke.

Frank. Wilt thou not tell me (brother *Ferdinand*)
Now by this light Ile haunt thee like a sprite,
Vntill I know whence springs this melancholy.

Ferd. O brother!
Thou art too young to reach the depth of griefe,
That is immur'd within my hearts deepe closet,
A thousand sighes keepe daily centinell,
That beates like whirle-winds all my comfort back,
As many sobbes guard my distrelled heart,
That no releife comes neere to aid my soule,
Million of woes like bands of armed men,
Stop up the passage of my sweet relefe:
And art thou then perswaded that my words,
Can any comfort to my soule afford?
No, no, good *Franke*, deere brother then forbeare,
Vnlesse with griefe in me youle take a share,

Fran. Griefe me no griefes, but tell me what it is
Makes my (sweet *Ferdinand*) thus passionate:
Ile conjure griefe if griefe be such an evill,
In spite of Fortune, Fates, or any Devill.

Ferd. Wilt thou not leave me to my selfe alone?

Fran. Brother, you know my minde,
If you will leave your dumpish melancholy,
And lose my selfe banish that pining humour,
Or satisfie my expectation,
By telling whence, your sorrow doth proceed

I will

I will not onely ceaſe to trouble you:
But like a true skilfull Phyſitian,
Seeke all good meanes for your recovery.

Ferd. Well brother, you have much importun'd me.
And for the confidence I have in you,
That youle prove ſecret, I will now unfold,
The load of care that preſſeth downe my ſoule:
Know then good *Frank*, love is the cauſe hereof.

Frank. How, love! why what's that love?

Ferd. A childe, a little little boy that's blinde.

Frank. And be overcome by him! plagu'd by him!
Driven into dumps by him! put downe by a boy!
Maſter'd by love! O, I am mad for anger:
By a Boy! is there no roſemary and bayes in England
To whip the Ape? by a boy!

Ferd. I, ſuch a boy as thou canſt never ſee,
And yet erelong mayſt feele his tyranny:
Hee's not viſible, yet aimes at the heart,
Woe be to thoſe that feele his wounding dart;
And one of them I am. Wounded ſo deepe,
That in my paſſion, I no meane can keepe:
Vnhappy time, woe to that diſmall houre,
When love did wound me with faire *Phillis* flowre:
O *Phillis*, *Phillis*, of flowres ſweeteſt flower;
That ever garniſh'd any princely bower:
Farewell, farewell, my woes will ne're remove,
Till I inioy faire *Phillis* for my love. *Exit.*

Frank. What's here? *Phillis* and love: and love and *Phillis*:
I have ſeene *Phillis*, and have heard of love;
I will ſee *Phillis*, and will heare of love:
But neither *Phillis*, nor the power of love,
Shall make me bond-ſlave to a woman's becke.

Enter Anthony.

Who's here, my ſecond brother male-content?
Ile ſtand aſide and note his paſſions.

Anth. O love, that I had never knowne thy power.

Frank. More lovers yet! what the devill is this love?

Antho. That these my wandring eyes had kept their stay;
That I my selfe had still beene like myselfe:
That my poore heart had never felt the wound,
Whose anguish keepes me in a deadly sound:
Oh how deluding dreames this night ore-past,
Drench'd my sad soule in pleasures flowing sea!
Me thought I clasp'd my love within my armes,
And circling her, sav'd her from threatning harmes;
Me thought there came an hundred in an houre
That sought to rob me of my sweetest flowre:
But like a champion I did keepe her still
Within this circle, free from every ill:
But when I wak'd and mis'd my *Phillis* there
All my sweet ioyes converted into feare.

Frank. What brother *Anthony*, at prayers so hard?
Tell me what saint it is thou invocatest?
Is it a male, or female? howsoever,
God blesse thee brother th'art in a good mind,
But now I remember me, thy saint is blind.

Antho. How, blind?

Frank. I brother, blind, I heard thee talke of love,
And love is blinde, they say.

Antho. I would it were as blind as *Eben* night,
That love had never hit my heart so right;
But what is love in your opinion?

Frank. A voluntary motion of delight,
Touching the superficies of the soule;
A substance lesse divine than is the soule,
Yet more than any power in man,
Is that which loves, yet neither is inforc'd,
Nor doth inforce the heart of man to love,
Which motion as it unbeseemes a man,
So by the soule and reason which adorne,
The life of man it is extinguished,
Even at his pleasure that it doth possesse.

Antho. Thus may the free-man iest at manacles,
The furr'd-clad citizen laugh at a storme,
The swarty Moore diving to gather pearle,

Challenge

Challenge the ſcalding ardour of the Sunne;
And aged *Neſtor* ſitting in his tent,
May tearme wounds ſport, and warre but merriment.
Frank. Tis true, fore God it is, and now me thinke,
My heart begin to pitty hearts in love:
Say once more, *Anthony*, tell me thy griefes,
Let me have feeling of thy paſſion,
Poſſeſſe me deeply of thy melting ſtate,
And thou ſhalt ſee.
Anth. That thou wilt pitty me?
Frank. No by my troth, if every tale in love,
Or love it ſelfe, or foole-bewitching beauty,
Make me croſſe-arme my ſelfe; ſtudy ay-mees;
Defie my hat-band; tread beneath my feet
Shoo-ſtrings and garters; practiſe in my glaſſe
Diſtreſſed lookes, and dry my liver up,
With ſighes enough to win an argoſie.
If ever I turne thus fantaſticall,
Love Plague me, never pitty me at all.

Enter Phillis.

Anth. Yonder ſhe comes that holds me priſoner.
Frank. What? *Phillis*, The faire Maide of the Exchange?
Is ſhe the god *Cupids* iudge over mens hearts?
Brother, ile have one venny with her tongue,
To breath my wit, and ieſt at paſſion:
By your leave Miſtreſſe *Flower*.
Phil. Your rude behaviour ſcarce offers you welcome.
Frank. I prethee tell me *Phillis*, I heare ſay,
Thou keepſt love captive in thy maiden thoughts.
Phil. That is a thought beyond your reach to know.
Frank. But ſhall I know it? (fond.
Phil. On what acquaintance? then might you deeme mee
If (as you ſay) love be at my command.
Frank. May not your friend command as great a matter?
Phil. Ile know him well firſt, for that friend may flatter.
Frank. Why, I hope you know me.
Phil. That's a queſtion.

Frank. Well, if you doe not, you ſhall before I ſtirre.
Know you yonder lumpe of melancholy,
Yonder bundle of ſighes, yonder wad of groanes?
The ſame and I were chickens of one brood,
And if you know him, as I aſſure you doe,
Being his brother, you needs muſt know me too.

Phil. I partly have a gueſſe of yonder Gentleman,
His name is Maſter *Golding*, as I take it.

Antho. Golding I am, and thine ſweet faire I am,
And yet not thine, but a moſt wretched man;
Thou knowſt my cauſe of griefe, my wound of woe:
And knowing it, why wilt thou uſe me ſo?
Put ſalves of comfort to my griefes unreſt,
So mayſt thou heale my ſore of heavineſſe.

Frank. Harke you faire maide, are you a Surgeon?
I prethee give my brother *Anthony*
Some what to heale the love-ſore of his mind,
And yet tis pitty that he ſhould have helpe:
A man as free as ayre, or the Sunnes raies,
As boundleſſe in his function as the heavens,
The male and better part of fleſh and bloud,
In whom was pour'd the quinteſſance of reaſon,
To wrong the adoration of his Maker,
By worſhipping a wanton female skin,
And making Love his Idol, fie todard, fie:
I am aſhamde of this apoſtacie:
Ile talke with her to hinder his complaints.
Phillis, a word in private ere you goe,
I love yee ſweet.

Phil. Sowre, it may be ſo.

Frank. Sowre, and ſweet; that doth ſcarce agree.

Phil. Two contraries, and ſo be we.

Frank. A plague on this courting, come, weele make an end.

Phil. I am ſorry for it ſince you ſeeme my friend.

Frank. I, but thou canſt not weepe.

Phil. Then had I a hard hart.

Frank. How ſay you? come brother, now to your part.

Antho. At your direction: no, this merry glee,

(Good brother) sortes not with his melancholy,
Love covets private conference; so my sorrow,
Craveth your absence which I faine would borrow.

Frank. No marvell then we say that love is blinde,
If it still revell in obscurity:
I will depart, I will not hinder love,
Ile wash my hands, farewell sweet turtle dove. *Exit.*

Phil. Ifaith your brother is a proper man.

Frank. Whats your will with me.

Phil. Even what you please,

Frank. Did you not call me backe?

Phil. Not, to my knowledge.

Frank. No, sbloud, somewhat did, farewell, farewell.

Phil. He is a very very proper man.

Frank. I am in haste, pray urge me not to stay.

Phil. The man doth dote, pray God he hits his way.

Frank. Fore God ther's not a maide in all this towne,
Should sooner winne me; but my businesse calls me:
Give me thy hand, next time I meet with thee,
Lesser intreaty shall woe my company.

Phil. Yfaith, yfaith?

Frank. Yfaith, this was the hand, what meanes my blood?
Doe I not blush, nor looke extreamely pale?
Is not my head a fire, my eyes not heart?
Ha, art thou here? I feele thee love I faith:
Fy this light, well *Vis* farewell, farewell. *Exit.*

Anth. Now he is gone, and we in private talke.
Say, wilt thou grant me love, wilt thou be mine?
For all the interest in my love is thine.

Phil. Your brother *Ferdinand* hath vowd as much:
Nay more, he sweares what man so ere he be,
Presumes to be corrivall in his love:
I le will revenge it as an injury,
And cloath the thiefe in basest obloquie.

Antho. I, is my brother my competitor?
He court my love and will solicite thee,
Were *Ferdinand* himselfe in company.
What hast thou to my fite?

Phil. Time may doe much, what I intend to doe
I meane to paule upon. *Ant.* Let it be so;
If that my brothers hinderance be all,
Ile have thy love though by my brothers fall. *Exit.*

Phil. Two brothers drown'd in love, I and the third
For all his outward habit of neglect,
If I judge rightly, if I did not dreame,
Hath dipt his foot too in Loves scalding streame.
Well, let them plead and perish if they will;
Cripple mine heart is thine and shall be still. *Exit.*

Frank. I am not well, and yet I am not ill,
I am, what am I? not in love I hope?
In love? let me examine my selfe, who should I love? who did
I last converse with, with *Phillis*? why should I love *Phillis*? is
she faire? faith so so: her forehead is pretty, somewhat re-
sembling the forehead of the signe of the maidenhead in, &c.
What's her haire? faith two Bandora wiars, ther's not the
simile: is it likely yet that I am in love? Whats next? her
cheekes they have a reasonable scarlet, never a Diars
daughter in the townes goes beyond her. Well, yet I am not
in love. Nay, she hath a mole in her cheeke too: *Venus* mole
was not more naturall; but what of that? I am *Adonis*, and
will not love. Good *Venus* pardon me. Let us descend: her
chinne, O *Hellen, Hellen*, where's your dimple *Hellen*? it was
your dimple that bewicht *Paris*, and without your dimple
I will not love you *Hellen*, No, yet I am safe. Her hands lets
handle that, I saw her hand, and it was lilly white, I toucht
her palme, and it was soft and smooth: and then, what then?
her hand did then bewitch me, I shall bee in love now out of
hand. In love? shall I that ever yet have prophan'd love, now
fall to worship him? Shall I that have jeasted at lovers sighes
now raise whirle-windes? Shall I that have flowted ay-mees
once a quarter, now practise ay-mees every minute? shall I de-
fie hat-bands, and tread garters and shoo-strings under my
feet? shall I fall to falling bands and bee a ruffin no longer? I
must; I am now liege man to *Cupid*, and have read all these
informations in his booke of statutes, the first chapter, page
millesimo nono, therefore, hat-band avaunt, ruffe regard your
selfe

ſelfe, garters adue, ſhoo-ſtrings ſo and ſo: I am a poore enamorate, and enforc'd with the Poet to ſay, Love overcomes all, and I that love obey. *Exit.*

Enter Ad Flower.

Flow. Now afore God a very good conceit,
But too much ſleepe hath overtaken me,
The night hath plaid the ſwift-foot runne-away:
A good conceit, a very good conceit,
What *Fiddle*, ariſe *Fiddle*, *Fiddle* I ſay:

Enter Fiddle.

Fid. Heer's a fidling indeed, I thinke your tongue be made of nothing but fiddleſtrings, I hope the fiddle muſt have ſome reſt as well as the fiddle-ſticke: well Crowde, what ſay you to *Fiddle* now?

Flower. *Fiddle*, it is a very good conceit.

Fid. It is indeed, Maſter.

Flow. What doſt thou meane?

Fid. To goe to bed againe Sir.

Flow. No, *Fiddle*, that were no good conceit *Fiddle*,

Fid. What a fiddling doe you keepe, are not you aſhamde to make ſuch muſicke? I hope ſir, you will ehriſten me anew ſhortly, for you have ſo worne this name, that ne're a wench in all the towne but will ſcorne to dance after my fiddle.

Flow. Well *Fiddle*, thou art an honeſt fellow.

Fid. That's more than you know Maſter.

Flow. Ile ſweare for thee Fiddle.

Fid. Youle be damn'd then, Maſter.

Flow. I love thee Fiddle.

Fid. I had rather your daughter lov'd me,

Flow. Tis a rare conceit yfaith,

Fid. I hold with you Maſter, if my young miſtreſſe would like ſo well of my muſicke, that ſhe would dance after no bodies inſtrument but mine,

Flow. No Fiddle, that were no good conceit, (ſide

Fid. A ſhame on you, I thought you would not heare on that

Flow. Fiddle, thou toldſt me, M. *Golding* was in love with my (daughter.

Fid. True Maſter: therein you ſay well.

Flow. And hee intreates mee to meet him at the ſtarre in cheapſide to talke concerning the match. *Fid.*

Fiddle True, still master.

Flow. And I have sent for my neighbour M. *Berry* to beare me company.

Fiddle True, all this is most naturall truth.

Flow. And now *Fiddle*, I am going on my way.

Fid. Nay, thats a lie, that hath mard all, was your conceit so tyred you could tell troth no longer?

Flow. Why *Fiddle* are we not going?

Fid. No indeed sir, we are not, we stand still, your conceit faild in that.

Flow. Fore God tis true, I am not ready yet: whats he?

Enter Bobbington.

Bob. By your leave sir, I would crave a word in secret sir.

Flow. At your pleasure, heres none but my man *Fiddle*.

Fid. I sir, master *Fiddle* is my name: sir *Lawrence Syre* was my Father.

Bob. Sir, this is my businesse, my name is *Racket*; I have a ship of my owne upon the river.

Flow. By your leave sir, captaine *Racket* is your name.

Bob. Some call me so indeed sir.

Flow. It is a good conceit, I pray proceede.

Bob. Sir, I am now bound to sea, and wanting some mony for the better furnishing of my wants.

Flow. O, you would borrow mony of me.

Bob. Thats my suite indeed.

Flow. Thats no good conceit.

Bob. Na, heare me sir: if you will supply me with ten pound till my returne from *Barbary*, I will leave in your hands a diamond of greater value than the mony.

Flow. A Diamond, is it a Diamond or but a counterfet, *Fiddle* my spectacles.

Bob. Tis right, I assure you sir.

Flow. Then it is a good conceit: my spectacles.

Fid. Here sir.

Flow. Where sir?

Fid. You cannot see master, but I can.

Flow. O tis good, it is a good conceit: well sir, ten pound; You are content if at three monthes end,

You

You bring the note ten pound in English coyne,
This diamond shall be my proper owne.

Bob. I am sir, shall I receive the money now?

Flow. I, here it is, and 'tis a good conceit.
Will you come neere sir? *Fiddle*, make him drinke.

Fiddle. Will you approach cavaliero, if I speake not in season, 'tis be cause I was never in the salt country, where you Sea Captaines use to march.

Bob. You are very eloquent sir, ile follow you.

Fiddle. Let me alone then for leading my men.

Exeunt Bobbington and Fiddle.

Flow. A diamond worth forty, for ten pound,
If he returne not safe from *Barbary*,
'Tis good, a very good conceit. *Enter M. Berry.*

Berry. By your leave Master *Flower*.

Flow. Welcome good Master *Berry*, I was bold to intreate your company to speake with a friend of mine,
It is some trouble but the conceit is good.

Berry. No trouble at all sir, shall we be going?

Flow. With all my heart sir, and as we goe,
Ile tell you my conceit, come Master *Berry*. *Exeunt.*

Enter as one doore Cripple, at the other Bowdler.

Bowd. Well met my deere bundle of rew, well met.

Crip. As much to thee my humorous blossome.

Bob. A plague on thee for a dog, have I found thee? I hate thee not, and yet by this hand I could finde in my heart: but sirra, I was encountred.

Crip. Who became your baile?

Flow. You filthy dogge, I was encountred by a weach I say.

Crip. In a wenches counter! I thought no lesse: what sirra didst thou lie in the Knights ward, or on the Masters side?

Bow. Neither, neither yfaith.

Crip. Where then in the Hole?

Bow. By his hand *Cripple* ile bombaste thee.

Crip. My crutch you meane for wearing out my clothes.

Bow. Thy nose dogge, thy nose, a plague on thee, I care not for thee, and yet I cannot choose but love thee.

Sirra, *Mall Berry* was heere about worke thou haſt of her, hadſt thou been here to have heard, how I ſpurred the wench with incantations, thou wouldſt have given me the praiſe for a jeaſter.

Crip. True, Maſter *Bowdler*, I yeeld it you, I hold you for the abſolut'ſt jeſter; O miſtake me not, I meane, to jeſt upon a jugling gull, a profound ſeeing man of ſhallow wit, that Europe, nay the world I thinke affords.

Bow. Well, thou art a Jew ſirra. Ile cut out that venomous tongue of thine, one of theſe daies.

Crip. Doe it in time, or Ile cruſh the heart of thy wit till I have ſtrain'd forth thy infectious humour to a drop yfaith.

Enter Mall Berry.

Bow. Heere comes my amorous veſſell, ile boord her yfaith: Well encountred *Mall*, how doſt thou wench, how doſt thou?

Mall. What's that to you Sir?

Bow. Why? I aske thee in kindneſſe.

Mall. Why then, in kindneſſe, you are a foole for asking.

Bow. Is the foole your livery?

Mall. Not ſo; for then you wearing that livery, would terme your ſelfe my foole.

Bow. Meaning me? you gull me not, if you doe:

Mall. What then?

Bow. O vile! I would take you downe.

Mall. Alas! it wants wit, thy wit is too narrow.

Bow. Ile ſtretch my wit, but I will take you downe.

Mall. How, upon the tenters? indeed if the whole peece were ſo ſtretcht, and very well beaten with a yard of reformation, no doubt it would grow to a goodly breadth.

Bow. By this hand.

Mall. Away you aſſe, hinder not my buſineſſe.

Crip. Finely put off wench yfaith.

Mall. By your leave Maſter Drawer.

Crip. Welcome Miſtris *Berry*, I have beene mindfull of your worke.

Mall. Is it done?

Crip. Yes, and heere it is.

Mall.

Mall. Heere is your money.
Cripple, ere long ile visit thee againe,
I have some ruff.s and stomachers to draw.

Crip. At your pleasure.

Bow. By thy leave *Mall*, a word.

Mal. Away you bundle of nothing, away. *Exit Mall.*

Crip. Shee hath a wit as sharpe as her needle.

Bow. Alas, my selfe have beene her whetstone with my conference in th' Exchange at any time these many yeeres.

Crip. In th' Exchange! I have walk'd with thee there, before the visitation of my legs, and my expence in timber, at the least a hundred times, and never heard thee speak to a wench.

Bow That's a lie, thou wert by, when I bought these gloves of a wench.

Crip. That's true, they cost thee an English shilling at a word, marry it followes in the text, that your shilling prov'd but a harper, and thou wert shamefully arraign'd for it.

Bow. Good, but I excus'd my selfe.

Crip. True, that thou thought'st it had bin a shilling, marry thou hadst never an other, nor so much as a shilling more to change it. Thou talke in th' Exchange?

Bow. Indeed my best gift is in the morning when the maids visit my chamber, with such necessaries as I usually buy of them.

Crip. O thou art one of those, that if an honest Maid be sent to thy chamber with her Mistris goods, and returne as honest and chast as the Moone: Sirra, you are one of those that will slaunder the poore wenches, by speaking liberally of their proneneſse to love; and withall, bragge how cheape you have bought their ware metaphorically, when indeed they depart as honest as they came thither, and leave you all the day after to sigh at the sight of an ill bargaine.

Bow. When wilt thou cast off this serpents tonge of thine?

Crip. When wilt thou spit out this anticke garment of ostentation? doe it, doe it, or by the Lord I will impresse thy vanities, and so anatomize the very bowels of thy absurdities, that all the world shall take notice of thee for a foole, and shunne thee as the pox or the pestilence.

Enter Barnard.

Barn. Newes, newes, newes.

Bowd. Sweet rogue, what's the matter?

Barn. By Jesu the rarest dauncing in Christendome.

Bowd. Sweet rascall, where? O do not kill my soule
With such delaies, tell me kind rogue, O tell me where it is.

Bar. At a wedding in Gracious street.

Bowd. Come, come away, I long to see the man
In dauncing art that does more than I can.

Bar. Than you sir? he lives not.

Bowd. Why I understand thee so.

Bar. You onely excepted, the world besides
Cannot afford more exquisite dauncers,
Than are now capring in the bridale house.

Bow. I will behold them, come crutch, thou shalt with me.

Crip. Not I.

Bow. Downe dogge, ile have thy company.

Crip. I have businesse.

Bow. By this hand thou shalt goe with us.

Crip. By this legge I will not.

Bow. A lame oathe, never stand to that.

Crip. By this crutch but I will.

Bar. Come, you loose time, supper is done long since,
And they are now a dauncing.

Enter Maister Berry and Fiddle.

Bar. Stay *Fiddle* with thy torch. Gentlemen, good even.

Barn. Master *Berry*!

Bow. Master *Berry*, I wish you well sir: Master *Fiddle* I am yours for a conge.

Fiddle. After the French salutation I am yours for the like curtesie.

Berry. Master *Barnard*, to morrow is your day
Of payment sir, I meane the hundred pound,
For which I have your bond, I know 'tis sure,
You will not breake an houre; then if you please
To come to dinner sir, you shall be welcome.

Bar. Sir, I did meane to visit you at home,
Not to pay downe the money, but intreate

Two monthes forbearance.

Ber. How! forbeare my money?
Your reason, I why should forbeare my owne?

Bern. You know at first the debt was none of mine,
I was a surety, not the principall:
Besides, the money that was borrowed
Miscarried in the venture, my friend died,
And once already have you prisoned me
To my great charge, almost my overthrow,
And somewhat raisde the debt by that advantage:
These things considered, you may well forbeare
For two moneths space, so small a sum as this.

Ber. How! I may forbeare, Sir? I have need of money:
I may indeed sit mouldesse at home,
And let you walke abroad spending of my coine.
This I may doe, but sir, you know my mind,
If you doe breake your day, assure your selfe,
That I will take the forefeit of your bond.

Crip. The forfeit of his bond!

Ber. I sir, the forfeit; 'tis no charity
To favour you that live like libertines:
Heer's a Crew!

All. A Crew: what Crew?

Ber. A Crew of unthrifts, carelesse dissolutes,
Licentious prodigals, vilde taverne-tracers,
Night watching money-wasters, what should I call yee?
O, I want words for to define you rightly:
But this I know, London ne're forbred such
As *Barnard*, *Bowdler*, and this paltry crutch.

Crip. And you want words sirra, ile reach them words,
Thou shouldst have come to every one of us
As thus: thou wretch, thou miser, thou vilde slave,
And drudge to money, bondman to thy wealth,
Apprentice to a penny, thou that hounds up
The frie of silver pence and half-pence,
With shew of charity to give the poore,
But putst them to increase, where in short time
They grow a childs part, or a daughters portion,

Thou that inventst new clauses for a bond
To coufin simple plainenesse? O not a Dragon,
No, nor the divels fangs are halfe so cruell
As are thy clawes: thou, thou, thou shouldst have ralle
The forfeit of his bond, O I could spit
My heart into his face; thou blood-hound that dost hunt
The deere, deere life of noble Gentry.

Ber. Cripple, 'tis knowne I am an honest man;
But for thy words, *Bernard* shall fare the worse?
As for thy selfe.

Fid. Who, he sir? never regard him, I know the vildest thing by him, O tis abomidable!

Ber. Dost thou so *Fiddle*? speake, bold, take thou that, speake of his shame, speake freely, ile protect thee.

Fid. I tell you sir, twill make your haire to stand on end, as stiffe as a Rubbing-brush, to heare his villanies.
What's this you have given me?

Ber. A shilling *Fiddle*.

Fid. Have you any skill in Arithmeticke?

Ber. Why doe you aske?

Fid. Sir, I would have you to multiply, could you not make this one shilling two or three? I would not be knowne to beg, but if out of your cunning you can doe this tricke of multiplication, I shall speake the better.

Ber. O ther's another shilling for thee, now let me heare what villanie thou canst charge the *Cripple* with.

Fid. So sir, this is multiplication, now sir, if you know the Rule of addition you are an excellent Scholler: can you not adde?

Ber. What dost thou meane?

Fid. An other shilling sir.

Ber. There is another shilling, now *Fiddle* speake.

Fid. Why then attend you Hilles and Dales, and stones so quicke of hearing, this *Cripple* is.

All. What is he villaine?

Fid. An honest man, as any is in all the towne.

Ber. An honest man!

Fid. I by this silver, and as good a fellow as ever went up-

on foure legges, if you would multiply till midnight, I would never speake other wise.

Ber. Fiddle, thou art a knave, and so is he:
Come let us home; *Barnard*, looke to thy bond,
If thou breake thy day, I doe protest,
By yon chaste Moone.

Fid. The chaste Moone, why? the Moone is not chaste.

Ber. How prou'st thou that?

Fid. Why sir, ther's a man in the middle of her, how can she be chast then?

Ber. Then by my life I sweare, ile clap him up
Where he shall see neither Sunne nor Moone,
Till I be satisfied the utmost penny,
And so fare-well. *Exit.*

Fid. Gallants goodnight; if time and place were in prosperity, I were yours for an houres society, I must after yon mulberry with my torch: adue deare hearts, adue. *Exit.*

Bowd. Come *Barnard*, lets to the dancing, lets tickle it to night
For to morrow thy heeles may be too heavie.

Bar. All's one; my heart shall be as light as fire.
Come, shall we goe?

Bowd. Cripple will you along?

Crip. My businesse staies me heere.

Bowd. Farewell then dogge of *Israel*, farewell. *Exeunt.*

Crip. Al's one, my heart shall be as light as fire:
Sblood, were I indebted a hundred pound,
My fortune faild, and fled as *Barnards* are,
Not worth a hundred pence as *Barnards* is:
I should be now devising sentences
And Caveats, for posteritie to carve
Vpon the inside of the Counter wall:
Therefore ile now turne provident; ile to my shop
And fall to worke.

Enter Phillis.

Phil. Yonder's his shop, O now you gods above
Pittie poore *Phillis* heart, that melts in love;
Instruct the *Cripple* to finde out my love,
Which I will shadow under the conceit

Of

Of my invention for the place of worke;
O teach him how to yeeld me love againe,
A little little love, a dramme of kind affection,
His many vertues are my true direction:
By your leave M. Drawer.

Crip. Welcome Mistresse *Flower*, what's your pleasure?

Phil. My cause of coming is not unknowne to you,
Here is bespoken worke which must needs be wrought
With expedition, I pray have care of it;
The residue I referre to your direction:
Onely this handkerchief a young Gentlewoman,
Wish'd me acquaint you with her mind herein:
In one corner of the same, place wanton love,
Drawing his bow shooting an amorous dart,
Opposite against him an arrow in a heart,
In a third corner, picture forth disdaine,
A cruell fate unto a loving vaine:
In the fourth draw a springing Laurell-tree,
Circled about with a ring of posie: and thus it is:

Love wounds the heart, and conquers fell disdaine,
Love pities love, seeing true love in paine:
Love seeing love, how faithfull love did breath,
At length inpaild love with a Laurell wreath.

Thus you have heard the Gentle-womans mind,
I pray be carefull that it be well done:
And so I leave you, more I faine would say,
But shame forbids, and cals me hence away.

Crip. Sweet faire, I pitty, yet no reliefe
Harbors within the closet of my soule.
This *Phillis* beares me true affection,
But I detest the humour of fond love:
Yet am I hourely solicited,
At now you see, and faine she would make knowne
The true perplexion of her wounded heart:
But modesty checking her forward tongue
Bids her be still; yet heart inuolves

And

And love-comparisons, like a good Scholler
By figures makes a demonstration
Of the true love enclosed in her heart.
I know it well, yet will not tell her so,
Fancie shall never marry me so woe;
Take this of me, a yong man's never mard,
Till he by marriage from all joy be bar'd. *Exit.*

Enter Franke singing.

Frank. *Ye gods of Love that sit above, and pitty Lovers paine,*
Looke from your thrones upon the mones, that I do now sustaine.
Was ever man thus tormented with love?
Song. *Ye little birds that sit and sing*
Amidst the shady valleyes,
And see how Phillis *sweetly walkes*
Within her Garden alleyes;
Goe pretty birds about her bowre,
Sing pretty birds she may lowre,
Ah me! not me thinkes I see her frowne,
Ye pretty wantons warble.
Goe tell her through your chirping bils,
As you by me are bidden,
To her is onely knowne my love,
Which from the world is bidden:
Goe pretty birds and tell her so,
See that your notes straine not too low,
For still me thinke I see her frowne.
Ye pretty wantons warble.
Goe tune your voices harmony,
And sing I am her Lover;
Straine lowde and sweet, that every note,
With sweet content may move her:
And she that hath the sweetest voyce,
Tell her I will not change my choyce,
Yet still me thinkes I see her frowne,
Ye pretty wantons warble.
O fly, make haste, see, see, she falles
Into a pretty slumber,
Sing round about her rosie bed

That waking ſoone may wonder,
Say to her, tis her lover true,
That ſendeth love to you, to you:
And when you heare her kind reply,
Returne with pleaſant markings.

Avaunt deluſion, thoughts cannot winne my love;
Love, though divine, cannot divine my thoughts:
Why to the aire then doe I idle here
Such heedleſſe words farre off, and ne're the neere;
Hie thee yong *Franke*, to her that keepes thy heart,
There let ſweet words, thy ſweeter thoughts impart.
But ſtay; here comes my melancholly brothers both
Ile ſtep aſide, and heare their conference. *Exit aſide.*

Anth. What? is my brother *Ferdinand* ſo neere?
He is my elder, I muſt needes give place;
Anthony, ſtand by, and liſt what he doth ſay,
Haſte calles me hence, yet I will brooke delay.

Ferd. Shall I exclaime 'gainſt fortune and miſhap,
Or raile on Nature who firſt framed me?
Is it hard chance that keepes me from my love?
Or is this heape of loath'd deformity,
The cauſe that breeds a blemiſh in her eye?
I know not what to thinke, or what to ſay,
Onely one comfort yet I have in ſtore,
Which I will practiſe, though I ne're try more.

Anth. Oh, for to heare that comfort I doe long,
Ile turne it to a ſtraine to right my wrong.

Ferd. I have a brother rivall in my love;
I have a brother hates me for my love;
I have a brother vowes to winne my love;
That brother too, he hath incenſt my love
To gaine the beauty of my deareſt love;
What hope remaines then to enjoy my love?

Anth. I am that brother rivall in his love,
I am that brother hates him for his love;
Not his but mine, and I will have that love,
Or never live to ſee him kiſſe my love;
What thou er'ſt ſaid, I am that man alone,
That will depoſe your brother from loves throne; I am

I am that man, though you my elder be,
That will aſpire beyond you one degree.
Ferd. I have no meanes of private conference,
So narrowly purſues my hinderer,
No ſooner am I entred the ſweet court
Of lovely reſt, my loves rich manſion,
But rivall love to my affection
Followes me, as a ſoone enforced ſtraw,
The drawing vertue of a ſable jeat:
This therefore's my determination,
Within the cloſe wombe of a ſealed paper,
Will I write downe in bloody Characters,
The burning zeale of my affection:
And by ſome truſty meſſenger or other,
Convey the ſame into my loves owne hand;
So ſhall I know her reſolution,
And how ſhe fancies my affection.
Anth. Yet ſubtill Fox, I may perchance to croſſe you:
Brother, well met: whither away ſo faſt?
Ferd. About affaires that doe require ſome haſte.
Anth. 'Tis well done brother, you ſeeke ſtill for gaine.
Ferd. But you would reape the harveſt of my paine:
Farewell good brother, I muſt needs be gone,
I have ſerious buſineſſe now to thinke upon:
Yet for I feare my brother *Anthony*,
Ile ſtep aſide, and ſtand a while unſeene,
I may perchance diſcry which way he goes;
Thus policie muſt worke twixt friends and foes. *Aſide.*
Anth. So, he is gone, I ſcarcely truſt him neither;
For 'tis his cuſtome, like a ſneaking foole,
To fetch a compaſſe of a mile about,
And creepe where he would be; well, let him paſſe,
I heard him ſay, that ſince by word of mouth
He could not purchaſe his ſweet Miſtreſſe favour,
He would endeavour what his wit might doe
By writing, and by tokens; O 'tis good
Writing with inke; O no, but with his blood.
Well, ſo much for that, now I know his minde

I doe intend not to be farte behind:
Hee'l ſend a letter, I will write another,
Doe what you can, ile be before you brother;
Ile intercept his letter by the way,
And as time ſerves the ſame I will bewray:
Mine being made, a porter ile procure,
That ſhall convey that heart-inticing lure;
About it then, my letter ſhall be wrie,
Though not with blood, yet with a reaching wit.

Ferd. And ſhall it ſo, good brother *Anthony*?
Were you ſo neere when we in ſecret talk'd;
Wilt ne're be otherwiſe? will you dog me ſtill?

Enter Franke.

Welcome ſweet *Franke*; ſuch newes I have to tell,
As cannot chuſe but like thee paſſing well:
Thou knowſt my love to *Phillis*?

Frank. Brother, ſay on.

Ferd. Thou likewiſe art acquainted with my rivall,
And I doe build upon your ſecrecy.

Frank. Sblood, and I thought you did not, ile retire:
Brother you know, I love you as my life.

Ferd. I dare profeſſe as much, and thereupon
Make bold to crave thy furtherance, in a thing
Concernes me much.

Frank. Out with it brother;
If I ſhrinke backe, repoſe truſt in ſome other.

Ferd. Then thus it is; my brother all in haſte
Is gone, to write a letter to my love,
And thinkes thereby to croſſe me in my ſuite,
Sending it by a porter to her hand;
If ever therefore thou wilt ayd thy brother,
Helpe me in this, who ſeekes helpe from no other. (I may.

Frank. By the red lippe of that dainty faint, ile ayd thee all

Ferd. It is enough; then brother ile provide
A porters habit, alike in every poynt,
Will you but ſo much humble your eſtate,
To put your ſelfe in that ſo baſe attire,
And like ſo meane a perſon waite his comming.

About his doore which will not be o're long,
Thou ſhalt for ever bind me to thy love.

Frank. Brother, 'tis a baſe taske, by this light,
But to procure a further force of love,
Ile doo't, yfaith I will ſweet *Ferdinand*,
About it then; provide thee ſome diſguiſe,
But ſee thou ſtay not long in any wiſe,
Heere ſhall you finde me, goe, diſpatch.

Ferd. For this ile love thee everlaſtingly.

Frank. Meane time ile croſſe your love and if I can
Heer's no villany betwixt us three brothers;
My brother *Ferdinand* he would have the wench,
And *Anthony* he hopes to have her too:
Then what may I? Faith hope well as they doe,
Neither of them know that I love the Maide,
Yet by this hand I am halfe mad for love,
I know not well what love is, but 'tis ſure,
Ile die if I have her not, therefore
Good brothers mine beguile you one another,
Till you be both gul'd by your younger brother.

Enter Ferdinand.

Here is a porters habite, on with it brother.

Frank. Your hand then brother, for to put it on,
So now 'tis well, come brother what's my taske?

Ferd. This firſt, that thou make haſt to *Anthonies*,
Aske for a burden and thou ſhalt be ſure
To have his letter to my deare love *Phillis*,
Deliver it not, but keepe it to thy ſelfe,
Till thou haſt given this paper to her hands.
Whoſe lines doe intimate thy chaſt deſires:
This is the ſumme of all, good *Franke*, make haſte,
Love burnes in me, and I in love doe waſte. *Exit.*

Frank. Waſte ſtill, but let me in my love increaſe
Now would not all the world take me for a porter?
How ſtrangely am I metamorphoſed?
And yet I need not be aſhamed neither,
Iove when his love-ſcapes he attempted ever
Transform'd himſelfe, yet ever ſpeed in love,

Why may not I then in this strange disguise?
This habit may prove mighty in loves power,
As beast, or bird, bull, or Swanne, or golden showre.

Enter Anthony.

Anth. Within the centre of this paper square,
Have I wrote downe in bloudy characters,
A pretty posie of a wounded heart,
Such is loves force once burst into a flame,
Doe what we can, we cannot quench the same,
Vnlesse the teares of pitty move compassion,
And so quench out the fire of affection,
Whose burning force beates me in every vaine,
That I to Love for safety must complaine:
This is my Orator whose dulcet tongue
Must plead my love to beautious *Phillis*.
Now for a trusty messenger to be
Imploy'd herein betwixt my love and me,
And in good time I see a porter nie,
Come hither fellow, dwel'st thou here about?

Frank. Sir, my abiding is not farre from hence
And trusty *Iohn* men call me for my Name.

Anth. Canst thou be trusty then, and secret too,
Being imploy'd in weighty businesse?

Frank. Sir, I was never yet disprov'd in either.

Anth. Then marke me well, in Cornehill by th' Exchange,
Dwells an old Marchant, *Flower* they call his name,
He hath one onely daughter, to whose hands,
If thou conveniently can'st give this letter,
Ile pay thee well, make thee the happiest porter
That ever undertooke such businesse.

Frank. Sir, give me your letter, if I doe it not,
Then let your promis'd favour be forgot.

Anth. *Anthony Golding* is my name, my friend,
About it then, my message being done
Make haste to me againe, till when, I leave thee, *Exit.*

Frank. And so fare thee well loving brother,
It had beene better you had sent some other.
Let me consider what is best be done,

Shall

Shall I deliver this letter ? No :
Shall I convey it to my rivall brother? Not so :
Shall I teare the same ? No not for a million :
What shall I then doe? marry like a kind brother,
Open the booke, see what is written there,
If nought but love, in love have thou a share.
Brother, by your leave I hope you'l not deny,
But that I love you : God blesse my eye-sight,
A Sonnet 'tis in verse, now on my life
He hath perus'd all the impressions
Of Sonnets since the fall of Lucifer,
And made some scurvy quaint collection
Of fustian phrases, uplandish words.

A Letter.

FAire glory of vertue, thy enamorate
Pleades loyally in pure affection,
Whose passion Love doe thou exonerate,
And he shall live by thy protection;
Nor from thy love shall he once derogate,
For any soule under this horizon,
Yeeld thou to love, and I will falle in neither,
So love and truth shall alwaies live together.

Yours devoted, Anthony Golding.

Before God, excellent good Poetry,
Sbloud what meanes he by this line?
For any soule under this horizon ?
No matter for this meaning, meane what he will,
I meane his meaning shall not be delivered,
But for my other trust my other letter,
That shall come short too of faire *Phillis* hands,
There is a Cripple dwelling here at hand,
That's very well acquainted with the Maide,
And for I once did rescue them for thieves,
Swore, if he liu'd, he would requite that kindnesse,
To him *I* will for counsell; he shall be, *Exit.*
My tutor by his wit and pollicie.

Enter

Enter boy in a Shop cutting of square parchments, to him enter Philis.

Phil. Why, how now Sirra, can you finde nought to doe,
But waste the parchment in this idle sort?

Boy. I doe but what my Mistris gave in charge.

Phil. Your Mistris! in good time: then sir, it seemes
Your duty cannot stoope but to her lewre:
Sir, I will make you know, that in her absence
You shall account to my demand, your Mistris
And your Mistris will is thus, and thus you'l doe:
But answer to the motion I have made,
Or you shall feele you have another Mistris now
Speake, why then I say?

Boy. Indeed I know your glory,
Your prid's at full in this authority:
But, were it not for modest bashfulnesse,
And that I dread a base contentious name,
I would not be a By-word to th'Exchange,
For every one to say (my selfe going by)
Yon goes a vassall to authority.

Phil. You would not sir had I the yeard in hand,
Ide measure your pate for this delusion,
And by my maiden chastity I sweare,
Vnlesse *She reaches for the yeard, and the boy stayes her hand.*

Boy. What unless? I know your wilfulnesse,
These words are but to shew the world your humour:
I often use to square these parchment pieces
Without occasion: I'm sure you are not writing,
The Lawnes you late bought of Master *Brooke*,
Are new come home, brought by the Merchants servant:
I know you are short membred, but not so short
Of your remembrance, that this is newes to you.

Phil. Y'are best to brave me in a taunting humour,
Wilt please you ope the doore? where's *Ursula*?
Oh here's good stuffe, my backt's no sooner turn'd
But she must needs be gadding, and where I pray?

Boy.

Boy. Shees gone to M. *Palmers* on th' other side.

Phil. On great occasions, sir, I doubt it not.

Sit and worke in the shop.

Enter M. Richard Gardiner bonnet, and M. William Bennet, two Gentlemen, at one end of the stage.

Ben. Kind *Dicke*, thou wilt not be unmindfull of my duty
To that same worthy Arts-master, *Lyonell Barnes.*

Gard. Thy love, sweet *Will*, hath chain'd it to my memory.

Ben. Then with this kinde imbrace I take my leave,
Wishing thou were as safe arriv'd at *Cambridge*,
As thou art at this present neere the Exchange,

Gard. And well remembred, kind *Will Bennet*,
O hers affaires made me oblivious
Of mine owne; I pray thee goe to the Exchange,
I have certaine bands, and other linnen to buy.
Prethee accompany me.

Ben. With all my heart.

Gard. Sure, this is a beautious gallant walke;
Were my continuall residence in London,
I should make much use of such a pleasure:
Me thinkes the glorious virgins of this square
Gives life to dead strucke youth; Oh heavens!

Ben. Why, how now *Dicke?*

Gard. By my sweet hopes of an hereafter blisse,
I never saw a fairer face than this:
O for acquaintance with so rich a beauty.

Ben. Take thy occasion, never hadst thou better.

Gard. Have at her then.

Phil. What lacke you Gentlemen?

Gard. Fayth nothing, bad I thee.
For in thine eyes, all my desires I see.

Phil. My shop you meane sir, there you may have choice
Of Lawnes or Cambricks, Ruffes well wrought, Shirts,
Fine falling bands, of the Italian cut-worke,
Ruffes for your hands, waste-coates wrought with silke,
Night-caps of gold, or such like wearing linnen,
Fit for the Chap-man of what e're degree.

Gard. Faith virgin, in my daies, I have worne and out-worn
Yea, many of these golden necessaries, (much,
But such a gallant beauty, or such forme
I never saw, nor never wore the like:
Faith be not then unkinde, but let me weare
This shape of thine, although I buy it deare.

Phil. What, hath the Tailor plaid his part so well,
That with my gowne you are so farre in love?

Gard. Mistake not sweet, your garment is the cover,
That vailes the shape and pleasures of a lover.

Phil. Thar argues then, you doe not see my shape,
How comes it then you are in love with it?

Gard. A Garment made by cunning Artificers skill,
Hides all defects that Natures swarving hand
Hath done amisse, and makes the shape seeme pure;
If then it grace such lame deformity,
It addes a greater grace to purity.

Phil. Oh short liv'd praise! even now I was as faire
As any thing; now fouler nothing.
Dissembling men, what maide will credit them?

Gard. How misconstruction leades your thoughts awry?

Ben. I prethee *Dicke* adone; thinke on thy journey.

Phil. You counsell well sir, I thinke the Gentleman
Comes but to whet his wit, and 'tis but need;
'Tis blut enough, he may ride farre upon't.

Gard. Mary gip Minx.

Phil. A fine word in a Gentlemans mouth;
'Twere good your backe were towards me,
There can I reade a better content, than in the face of lust.

Gard. Now you display your vertues, as they are.

Phil. What am I, your Cipher, parenthesis of words,
Stall troubler, prater, what sit I here for nought?
Bestow your lustfull court-ships on your minions,
This place holds none; you and your companions,
Get you downe the staires, or I protest
Ile make this squared walke so hot for you.
Had you beene as you seem'd in out-ward shew,
Honest Gentlemen, such tearmes of vilde abuse

Had

Had not heene proffred to virginity;
But Swaines will quickly ſhew their baſe deſcent.
Gard. This is no place for brawles, but if it were,
Your impoſitions are more than I would beare.
Ben. Come, ſhee's a woman, I prethee leave her.
Exeunt Gard. and Ben.
Phil. Nay, ſure a mayd, unleſſe her thoughts deceive her.
God ſpeed you well: ſirra boy.
Boy. Anon.
Goe to the Starchers for the ſuite of ruffes,
For M. *Bowdlers* bands, and M. *Goldings* ſhirts,
Lets have a care to pleaſe our proved friends:
As for our ſtrangers, if they uſe us well,
For love and money, love and ware wee'le ſell. *Exeunt.*
Enter Franke. *The Cripple at worke.*
Frank. Now fortune be my guide, this is the ſhop;
And in good time the *Cripple* is at worke:
God ſpeed you ſir.
Crip. Welcome honeſt friend; what's thy will with me?
Frank. I would entreat you read a letter for me.
Crip. With all my heart:
I know the maide to whom it is directed.
Frank. I know you doe *Cripple*, better than you thinke.
Crip. I pray you, what Gentleman writ the ſame?
Frank. Sir, a Gentleman of good learning, and my friend,
To ſay the truth, 'twas written for my ſelfe,
Being ſomewhat overtaken with fond love,
As many men be ſir.
Crip. Why art thou perſwaded, or haſt thou any hope,
So beautifull a virgin as ſhe is,
Of ſuch faire parentage, ſo vertuous,
So gentle, kinde, and wiſe as *Phillis* is,
That ſhe will take remorce of ſuch baſe ſtuffe,
I thinke not ſo: but let me ſee, what's thy name,
Frank. Truſty *Iohn* men call me ſir.
Crip. How comes it then your blinded Secretary,
Hath writ another name unto the letter?
Yours devoted Anthony Golding.

But sure this letter is no right of thine,
Either thou foundst the same by happy chance,
Or being employed as a Messenger,
Plaid'st leger demaine with him that sent the same:
Wherefore the (mayd well knowne unto my selfe)
I will reserve the letter to her use,
That she, if by the name herein set downe,
She know the Gentleman that doth wish her well,
She may be gratefull for his courtesie.

Frank. Nay then I see I must disclose my selfe:
Sir, might I build upon your secrecy,
I would disclose a secret of import.

Crip. Assure thy selfe I will not injure thee.

Frank. Then *Cripple* know, I am not what I seeme,
But tooke this habit to deceive my friend:
My friend indeed, but yet my cruell foe;
Foe to my good, my friend in outward show:
I am no porter, as I seeme to be,
But yonger brother to that *Ambury*;
And to be briefe, I am in love with *Phillis*,
Which my two elder brothers doe affect;
The one of them seekes to defeat the other:
Now if that I, being their younger brother
Could gull them both by getting of the wench,
I would requite it with loves recompence.
Cripple, thou once didst promise me thy love,
When I did rescue thee in *Mile-end greene*,
Now is the time, now let me have thy ayd,
To gull my brother of that beauteous maide.

Crip. Sir, what I promis'd I will now performe;
My love is yours, my life to doe you good,
Which to approve, follow me but in all,
Wee'l gull your brothers in the wench, and all.

Frank. Sailt thou me so friend, for that very word
My life is thine, command my hand and sword.

Crip. Then let me see this letter; it should see me
You under-tooke to carry it from your brother
To the maide.

Frank. I did, and from my brother *Ferdinand*,
This other letter to the same effect.

Crip. Well, list to me, and follow my advise,
You shall deliver neither of them both;
But frame two letters of your owne invention.
Letters of flat deniall to their suites,
Give them to both your brothers as from *Phillis*,
And let each line in either letter tend
To the dispraise of both their features;
And the conclusion I would have set downe,
A flat resolve bound with some zealous oath,
Never to yeeld to either of their suites;
And if this sort not well to your content,
Condemne the *Cripple*.

Frank. But this will aske much time,
And they by this time looke for my returne.

Crip. Why then my selfe will fit you presently,
I have the coppies in my custody,
Of sundry Letters, to the same effect.

Frank. Of thy owne writing?

Crip. My owne, I assure you, sir.

Frank. Faith thou hast rob'd some Sonnet booke or other,
And now wouldst make me thinke they are thine owne.

Crip. Why think'st thou that I cannot write a letter,
Ditty, or Sonnet with judiciall phrase,
As pretty, pleasing, pathesicall,
As the best *Ovid*-imitating dunce
In all the towne?

Frank. I thinke thou canst not.

Crip. Yea, ile sweare I cannot,
Yet sirra, I could cony-catch the world,
Make my selfe famous for a sodaine wit,
And be admir'd for my dexterity,
Were I dispos'd.

Frank. I prethee how?

Crip. Why thus, there liv'd a Poet in this towne,
(If we may stearme our moderne Writers Poets)
Sharp-witted, bitter-tongu'd, his penne of steele,

His inke was temper'd with the biting juyce,
And extracts of the bittrest weeds that grew,
He never wrought but when the elements
Of Fire and Water tilted in his braine:
This fellow ready to give up his Ghost
To *Lucians* bosome, did bequeath to me
His Library, which was just nothing,
But rolles, and scrolles, and bundles of cast wit,
Such as durst never visit Pauls Church-yard:
Amongst them all, I happened on a quire
Or two of paper fill'd with Songs and Ditties,
And here and there a hungry Epigram,
These I reserve to my owne proper use,
And Pater-noster-like have kon'd them all.
I could now when I am in company,
At alehouse, taverne, or an ordinary,
Vpon a theame make an extemporall Ditty,
(Or one at least should seeme extemporall)
Out of th'aboundance of this Legacy,
That all would judge it, and report it too,
To be the infant of a sudaine wit,
And then were I an admirable fellow.

Frank. This were a piece of cunning.

Crip. I could doe more, for I could make enquiry
Where the best witted gallants use to dine,
Follow them to the taverne, and there sit
In the next roome with a calves head and brimstone,
And over-heare their talke, observe their humours,
Colle& their jeasts, put them into a play,
And tire them too with payment to behold
What I have filcht from them. This I could doe:
But O for shame that men should so arraigne
Their owne fee simple wits, for verball theft!
Yet men there be that have done this and that,
And more by much more than the most of them.

Frank. But to our purpose *Cripple*, to these letters.

Crip. I have them ready for you, heere they be,
Give these to your two brothers, say that *Phillis*

Deliver'd them with frownes, and though her name
Be not subscrib'd (which may not well be done)
It may perhaps give them occasion
To thinke she scorn'd them so much grace and favour.
This done, returne to me, and let me know
Th' occurrants of this practise as they grow,
And so farewell, I can no longer stand
To talke with you, I have some worke in hand. *Exit.*

Frank. Farewell mad *Cripple*, now *Franke Golding* flie,
To put in practise this new pollicy:
But soft, here comes the Maide, I will assay

Enter Phillis and Fiddle.

To plead my owne love by a stranger way,
By your leave sir.

Fid. Porter, I am not for you, you see I am perambulating before a female.

Frank. I would crave but a word with you.

Fid. Speake in time then porter, for otherwise I doe not love to answer you, and be as briefe as you can; good porter.

Frank. I pray you sir, what Gentlewoman is this?

Fiddle. Certes Porter, I serve a Gentleman, that Gentleman is father to this Gentlewoman, this Gentlewoman is a maide, this maide is faire, and this faire maide belongeth to the Exchange, and the Exchange hath not the like faire maide: now porter, put all this together, and tell me what it spels.

Frank. I promise you sir, you have pos'd me.

Fid. Then you are an asse porter, 'tis *the faire Mayd of the Exchange.*

Frank. Her name I pray you sir.

Fiddle. Her name porter requires much poeticality in the subscription, and no lesse judgement in the understanding; her name is *Phillis*, not *Phillis* that same dainty lasse that was beloved of *Amintas*; nor *Phillis*, she that doated on the comely youth *Demophoon*; but this is *Phyllis*, that most strange *Phillis*, the flower of the Exchange.

Phil.

Phil. What, would thou porter any thing with me?

Frank. Yes Mistris, since by chance I meete you heere,
Ile tell you, though it not concernes my selfe,
What I this morning saw; there is a Gentleman
One Master *Golding*, the youngest of three brothers,
They call him *Frank*; O this man lies very sicke,
I being at his house perchance inquired
What his disease was of a servant there,
Who told, the Doctors cannot tell themselves,
But in his fittes he ever calles on Love,
And prayes to Love for pitty, and then names you,
And then names Love againe, and then calles *Phillis*,
And sometimes starts, and would forsake his bed,
And being ask'd whither, he sayes he would goe to *Phillis*,
My businesse call'd me thence, but I heard thy
His friends doe meane to intreate you to take the paines
To visite him, because they doe suppose,
The sicke man loves you, and thence his sicknesse growes.

Phil. Porter is this true?
Or art thou hired to this, I prethee tell me.

Frank. Mistris, not hired, my name is truthy *John*,
If I delude you never trust me more.

Phil. I thanke thee porter, and thanke Love withall,
That thus hath wrought the tyrant *Goldings* fall,
He once scorn'd Love, jeasted at wounded hearts,
Challeng'd almighty beauty, rail'd at passion,
And is he now caught by the eye and heart?
Now by *Dianas* milke-white vaile I sweare,
The goddesse of my mayden chaste desires,
I am as glad of it as glad may be,
And I will see him, if but to laugh at him,
And torture him with jeasts; *Fiddle*, along,
When we returne, if they do send for me,
Ile arme my selfe with flouts and cruelty.

Fiddle. Porter, we commit you, if you be a crafty knave, and lay in the winde for a vantage, you have your answere: marke her last words, Ile arme my selfe with flouts and cruelty. *Exeunt.*

Frank.

Frank. Ile arme my selfe with flouts and cruelty.
Will you so *Phillis*, what a state am I in?
Why, I of all am furthest from her love:
Sbloud, if I now should take conceit at this,
Fall sicke with love indeed, were not my state
Most lamentable? I by this hand were it:
Well heart, if thou wilt yeeld, looke to thy selfe,
Thou wilt be tortur'd, well what remedy.

Enter Anthonie.

Here comes my brother *Anthony*, I am for him.

Anth. Porter, what newes? spake you with *Phillis*?

Frank. I, too late, to my griefe,
Spoke with her sir, yfaith I thinke I have;
Heer's a letter for you, and by that
You shall be judge if I did speake with her;
Now cripple, shall we prove your learned wit?

Anth. Zounds am I mad, or is she mad that writ this?
Ile read it o're againe.

A Letter.

SIr, I did never like you, I do not now thinke well of you, and I will never love you: I choose my husband with my eyes, and I have seene some especiall faults in you; as the colour of your haire, the elevating of your head, in an affected proportion, as if you fashned for want of aire, and stood in that manner to sucke it into your nose, your necke is too long and too short, I like no part in or about you: and the short and the long boy, sir, that I will never love you, and I will never marry but one I love.

Not yours, but her owne.

Anth. Blanck, I am struck blanck, and blind, and mad withall,
Heere is a flat denyall to my suite,
A resolution never to be wonne:
What shall I doe? assist me god of love,
Instruct me in thy schoole-tricks, be my guide
Out of this labyrinth of love and feare,
Vnto the pallace of faire *Phillis* favour:

I have it; I will insinuate her mother
In my behalfe, with letters and with gifts,
To her ile write to be my advocate:
Porter farewell, ther's for thy paines,
Thy profit by thy toyle passeth my gaines. *Exit.*

Frank. You have your answere, and a kind one too;
Cripple ile make thee crutches of pure silver
For this devise, thou hast a golden wit:
Now if my brother *Ferdinand* were here
To read his absolution, here he comes.

Enter Ferdinand.

Brother. *Ferd. Franke.*
What hast thou given the letter to her hand,
And stai'd my brother *Anthonies* withall?

Frank. I have done both, and more than that, behold
Here is an answere to your letter brother.

Ferd. Franke, I will love thee, whiles I live for this.

Frank. Scarce, when you read what there contained is.

A Letter.

GAllant, that write for love, if you had come your selfe you might perchance have sped; I doe not counsell you neither, to come your selfe, unlesse you leave your head at home, or weare a vizard, or come backwards, for I never looke you in the face but I am sicke; and so praying God to continue my health, by keeping you from me, I leave you.

Ferd. O unkind answere to a Lovers letter;
Let me survay the end once more:
For I never looke you in the face but I am sicke, and so praying God to continue me in health, by keeping you from me.
Is shee so farre from yeelding? is this fort
Of her chaste love yet so impregnable?
What shall I doe? this is the furthest way,
A labour of impossibilities,
This way to winne her: I will once againe,
Challenge the promise that her father made me;
To him ile write, and he I know will pleade
My love to *Phillis*, and so winne the maide. *Exit.*

Frank.

Frank. Farewell poore torrar'd heart; was ever knowne
Two loving brothers in such misery?
Let me consider of my owne estate:
What profit doe I reape by this delusion?
Why none; I am as farre from *Phillis* heart
As when she first did wound me with her eyes:
Cripple, to thee I come, 'tis thou must be
My counsellor in this extreamity. *Exit.*

Enter Cripple. Bowdler, and Bernard.

Crip. Sirra *Bowdler*, what makes thee in this merry vaine?

Bow. O Lord sir, it is your most elevated humour to be merry, to be concise, set up the coller, and looke thus with a double chin, like *Diogenes* peering over his Tub, is too cynicall, the signe of Melancholly, and indeed, the meere effect of a salt rheume.

Crip. Who would thinke this Gentleman yesterdaies distemperature should breed such motions? I thinke it be restorative to activity, I never saw a Gentleman caper so excellent, as he did last night.

Bow. Meane you me sir?

Crip. Your owne selfe, by this hand.

Bow. You gull me not?

Crip. How, gull you?
Me thinkes a man so well reputed of,
So well commended for your qualities
In Schooles of nimble activenesse,
And places where divinest Quirristers
Warble inchanting harmony, to such
As thinke there is no heauen on earth but theirs;
And knowing your selfe to be the *Genius*
Of the spectators, and the audience hearts
You wrong your worthy selfe intolerably,
To thinke our words savour of flattery.

Bowd. Sirra dogge, how didst thou like my lastly caper, and turne on the toe?

Crip. Before God passing well,

Bern. I know his worship made it, 'tis so excellent.

Bowd. It was my yesterdaies exercise.

Crip. After the working of your purgation, was is not?

Bow. What purgation, you filthy curre?

Crip. After the purging of your braine Sir.

Bow. Be ſtill dog, barke not, though by misfortune
I was laſt night ſomewhat diſtempered:
I will not be apbraided; 'twas no more
But to refine my wit; buttell me truly,
How doſt thou like my caper?

Crip. Farre better than I can commend it.

Bow. Now as I am a Gentleman
My Tutor was not witting of the ſame:
And in my opinion 'twill doe excellent:
O this aire! heer's a moſt eloquious aire for the memory,
I could ſpend the third part of my Armes in ſilver,
To be encountred by ſome good wit or other.

Crip. What ſay you to your ſweet heart, *Mall Berry*?

Bow. Peace Cripple, ſilence, name her not, I could not indure the carreir of her wit for a million, ſhe is the onely ſhe-*Mercury* under the heavens; her wit is all ſpirit, that ſpirit fire, that fire flies from her tongue, able to burne the eadix of the beſt invention; in this element ſhe is the abſtract and briefe of all the eloquence ſince the incarnation of *Tully*: I tell thee Cripple, I had rather encounter *Hercules* with blowes, than *Mall Berry* with words: And yet by this light I am horribly in love with her.

Enter Mall Berry.

Crip. See where ſhe comines, O excellent!

Bow. Now have I no more blood than a bulruſh.

Barn. How now, what aile you ſir?

Crip. What's the matter man?

Bow. See, ſee, that glorious angell doth approach.
What ſhall I doe?

Crip. She is a Gine indeed; Zounds to her, court her, win her, weare her, wed her, and bed her too.

Bow. I would it were come to that: I win her? by heaven, I am not furniſh'd of a courting phraſe, to throw at a dogge.

Crip. Why no, but as a woman you have; O ſir, ſeeme not ſo doubtiſh now, can you make no ſuſtian; aske her if ſhe'l

take

take a pipe of Tobacco.

Bow. It will offend her judgement, pardon me.

Crip. But heare you sir? reading so much as you have done,
Doe you not remember one pretty phrase,
To scale the walles of a faire wenches love?

Bow. I never read any thing but *Venus* and *Adonis*.

Crip. Why that's the very quintessence of love,
If you remember but a verse or two,
Ile pawne my head, goods, lands, and all 'twill doe.

Bow. Why then have at her.
Fondling I say, since I have hem'd thee heere,
Within the circle of this ivory pale,
Ile be a parke.

Moll. Hands off, for d sir.

Bow. And thou shalt be my deere;
Feed thou on me, and I well feed on thee,
And love shall feed us both.

Moll. Feed you on woodcocks, I can fast awhile.

Bow. Vouchsafe thou wonder to alight thy steed.

Crip. Take heed, shees not on horseback.

Bow. Why then she is alighted,
Come sit thee downe where never serpent hisses,
And being set ile smother thee with kisses.

Moll. Why is your breath so hot? now God forbid
I should buy kisses to be smothered.

Bow. Meane you me? you gull me not?

Moll. No, no, poore *Bowdler*, thou dost gull thy selfe:
Thus must I doe to shadow the hid fire,
That in my heart doth burne with hot desire:
O I doe love him well what e're I say,
Yet will I not my selfe selfe-love bewray,
If he be wise hee'l sue with good take heed:
Bowdler, doe so, and thou art sure to speed;
I will flie hence to make his love the stronger,
Though my affection must lie hid the longer.
What master *Bowdler*, not a word to say? *Exit.*

Bow. No by my troth, if you stay here all day.

Moll. Why then ile beare the buckler hence away.

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Crip. What Maſter *Bowdler*, have you let her paſſe unconquer'd?

Bow. Why what could I doe more? I look'd upon her with judgement, the ſtrings of my tongue were well in tune, my embraces were in good meaſure, my palme of a good conſtitution, onely the phraſe was not moving; as for example, *Venus* her ſelfe with all her skill could not winne *Adonis*, with the ſame words, O heavens! was I ſo fond then to thinke that I could conquer *Moll Berry*? O the naturall fluence of my owne wit had beene farre better!

Good e'ne good-fellow.

Enter Fiddle.

Fid. God give you the time of the day, pardon me gallants, I was ſo neere the middle that I knew not which hand to take.

Bow. A very good conceit.

Fid. And yet becauſe I will be ſure to give you a true ſalutation. *Cripple, quomodo vales?* Good morrow *Cripple*, good e'ne good Maſter *Barnard*, Maſter *Bowdler*, *Bonas noctes*, as they ſay, good night; and thus you have heard my manner of ſalutation.

Crip. You are very eloquent, ſir; but *Fiddle*, what's the beſt newes abroad?

Fid. The beſt newes I know not ſir, but the neweſt newes is moſt excellent yfaith.

Bar. Prethee lets heare it.

Fid. Why this it is, the Serjeants are watching to arreſt you at Maſter *Berries* ſute.

Barn. Wounds, where?

Fid. Nay, I know not where; alas ſir, there is no ſuch matter, I did but ſay ſo much, to make you warme the handle of your rapier: But M. *Bowdler*, I have good newes for you.

Bow. Let me heare it, my ſweet ruffeting,

Fid. How, ruffeting?

Bow. I my little apple-john.

Fid. You are a——

Bow. A what?

Fid. You are a,——O that I could ſpeake for indignation!

Bow. Nay, what am I? You

Fid. You are a pippinmonger to call me russetting or apple-john.

Bowd. Russetting, ile cut your head off.

Fid. You pippinmonger, Ile cut off your legs, and make you travell so neere the mother earth, that every boy shall be high enough to sheale apples out of thy basket, call me russetting?

Crip. Nay, be friends, be friends.

Fid. As I am a gentleman *Cripple*, I meant him no harme, but the name of russetting to Master *Fiddle*, that many times travels under the arme in Velvet, but for the most part in leather trust'd with calve-skinne points, 'tis most intolerable, and not to be endured, flesh and bloud cannot beare it.

Crip. Come, come, all shall be well.

Bowd. Fiddle, give me thy hand, a plague on thee, thou knowst I love thee.

Fid. Say you so? why then anger avoid the roome, melancholy march away, choler to the next chamber, and heer's my hand I am yours to command from this time forth, your very mortall friend, and loving enemy, master *Fiddle*.

Bow. Now tell us, what is the newes you had for me?

Fid. O, the sweet newes, faith sir, this it is, that I was sent to the Cripple from young Mistris. Master *Cripple* you know I have spent some time in idle words, therefore be you compendious, & tell me if my Mistris handkercher be done or no.

Crip. Fiddle 'tis done, and peace it is, commend me to thy Mistris.

Fid. After the most humble manner I will; and so gentlemen I commit you all: you Cripple to your shop; you sir, to a rum-up and dish of capers; and lastly you M. *Barnard*, to the reunion of the Counter-keepers: ther's an item for you, and so farewell. *Exit.*

Crip. M. *Bowdler*, how doe you like his humour?

Bow. By this light, I had not thought he could have had so nimble a spirit: but Cripple farewell, Ile to *Mall Berry*, come *Barnard* along with me.

Crip. Farewell sweet Signiors both, farewell, farewell, *Exe.*

Enter M. Flower at one doore reading a letter from Ferdinand, at the other Mis. Flower, with a letter from Anthony.

Ma. Flow.

Ma. Flow. The conceit is good, *Ferdinand* intreats a marriage with my daughter: good, very good: for he is a Gentleman of good carriage, a wise man, a rich man, a carefull man, and therefore worthy of my daughters love: it shall be so.

Mif. Flow. Mary and shall kind Gentleman, my furtherance saist thou? Yes *Anthony*, assure thy selfe, for by the motherly care that I beare to my daughter, it hath beene a desire that long hath lodg'd within my carefull breast, to match her with thy well-deserving selfe; and to this end have I sent for my daughter, and charg'd my servants, that presently upon her repaire hither from her Mistris, that she enter this private walke; where, and with whom, I will so worke, that doubt it not, deare sonne, but she shall be thine.

Ma. Flo. And I will make her joyncture of a hundred pounds by yeare: it is a very good conceit, and why? because the worthy portion betters my conceit, and being good in conserving well of the Gentlemans good parts, the proffered joyncture addes to my conceit, and betters it; very good.

Mi. Flo. A thousand crownes for you to make the match pretty heart, how love can worke! by Gods blest mother, I vow she shall be thine, if I have interest in my daughter; but

Flower smiles reading the Letter, they snatch the Letter from each other.

stay, whom have I espied? my husband like wife reading of a Letter; and in so good an humour, ile lay my life, good Gentleman he hath also wrought with him for his good will; and for I long to know the truth thereof, my fodaine purpose shall experience it. What's here husband?

She reads privately, and frowns.

a Letter from Master *Ferdinand*, to intreate a marriage with your daughter.

Ma. Flow. And here the like to you from *Anthony* to that effect, this is no good conceit, if she be mine, shee shall bee *Ferdinands*.

Mi. Flow. If she respect her mothers favour,
'Tis *Anthony* shall be her love.

Ma. Flow. How wife?

Mi. Flow. Even so husband.

Master

Maſ.Flo. You will not croſſe my purpoſe, will you?

Miſ.Flo. In this you ſhall not bridle me I ſweare.

Maſ.Flo. Is ſhee not my daughter?

Miſ.Flo. You teach me husband, what your wife ſhould ſay.
I thinke her life is dearest unto me,
Though you forget the long extreamity,
And paine which I indur'd, when forth this wombe
With much a doe ſhe did enjoy the life ſhe now doth breathe;
And ſhall I now ſuffer her deſtruction?

Maſ.Flo. Yea, but a conceit me wife.

Miſ.Flo. A figge for your conceits, in this I know there can be none that:
Say he be his fathers eldeſt ſonne, and a Merchant of good Welsh, yet my deare *Anthonio's* as rich as he:
What though his portion was but ſmall at firſt,
His induſtry hath now increas'd his talent;
And he that knoweth the getting of a penny,
Will feare to ſpend, ſhe ſhall have him, if any.

Maſ.Flo. By the Mary God wife, you vexe me.

Miſ.Flo. 'Tis your owne impatience, you may chuſe.

Maſ.Flo. I will not wed my daughter to that *Anthony*.

Miſ.Flo. By this.

Maſ.Flo. Hold wife, hold, I adviſe thee ſweare not,
For by him that made me firſt I vow,
Shee ſhall not touch the bed of *Anthony*.

Miſ.Flo. And may I never live (ſo God me helpe)
If ever ſhe be wed to *Ferdinand*.

Maſ.Flo. The divel's in this woman, how ſhe thwarts me ſtill!

Miſ.Flo. Fret on, good husband, I will have my will.

Maſ.Flo. But conceit me wife, ſuppoſe we ſhould conſent our daughter ſhould wed either of them both, and ſhe diſlike the match, were that a good conceit?

Miſ.Flo. All's one for that, I know my daughters minde, if I but ſay the word.

Maſ.Flo. I would be loath to wed her againſt her will,
Content thee wife, wee'l heare her reſolution,
And as I finde her to her owne content

To either of them she shall have my consent.

Mist. Flow. Why now old *Flower* speaketh like himselfe.

Ma. Flow. Agreed, and faith wife 'tis a good conceit.

Enter Phillis.

And see where my daughter comes: welcome girle,
How doth your Mistris *Phillis*? God blesse thee *Phillis*, arise.

Phil. God have the glory, in perfect health she is.

Mas. Flow. 'Tis good, I am glad she doth so well;
But list my daughter, I have golden newes
To impart unto thee:
A golden *Golding*, wench, must be thy husband,
Is't not a good conceit?

Phil. Father, I understand you not.

Mas. Flow. Then, my Girle, thy conceit is very shallow,
Master *Ferdinand Golding* is in love with thee.

Mis. Flow. No daughter, 'tis thine *Anthony*.

Mas. Flow. *Ferdinand* is rich, for he hath store of gold.

Mis. Flow. *Anthony* is rich, yet is he not so old.

Mas. Flow. *Ferdinand* is vertuous, full of modesty.

Mis. Flow. *Anthony's* more gracious, if more may be.

Mas. Flow. *Ferdinand* is wise (being wise) who would not love him.

Mis. Flo. *Anthony* more wise, then girle desire to prove him.

Mas. Flo. In *Ferdinand* is all the beauty that may be.

Mis. Flo. He is deceiv'd, 'tis in thine *Anthony*.

Phil. Deare parents, you confound me with your words,
I pray what meane these hot perswasions?

Mas. Flo. Thy good, my daughter.

Mis. Flo. If but rulde by me.

Mas. Flo. But for thy ill-fare.

Mis. Flow. If she tend to thee.

Mis. Flo. The truth is this, that each of us hath tane
A solemne vow, that thou my loving daughter
Shalt wed with one of those two Gentlemen:
But yet referre the choice unto thy selfe,
One thou shalt love, love *Ferdinand*, if me,

Mis. Flo. If love thy mother, love thine *Anthony*.

Phil. In these extreames what shall become of me?

I pray you give me respit to consider
How to digest these impositions,
You have impos'd a businesse of such weight,
Pray God your daughter may discharge her selfe.

Mas. Flo. Thinke on't, my girle, we will withdraw awhile.

Phil. A little respit fits my resolution, *They walke.*
Those Gentles sue too late, there is another,
Of better worth, though not of halfe their wealth,
What though deform'd, his vertue mends that misse:
What though not rich, his wit doth better gold,
And my estate doth adde unto his wants,
I am resolv'd (good father, and deare mother,)
Phillis doth choose a *Cripple*, and none other;
But yet I must dissemble,

Ma. Flo. How now my soules best hope! tell me, my girle,
Shall *Ferdinand* be he?

Phil. I pray a word in private.

Ma. Flow. Marry with all my heart.

Phil. In all the duty that a childe can show,
The love that to a father it doth owe;
I yeeld my selfe to be at your command,
And vow to wed no man but *Ferdinand*,
But if you please, at your departure hence,
You may enforce dislike to cloud your brow,
To avoide my mothers anger and suspition.

M. Flo. Before God a very good conceit,
Hence baggage, out of my sight,
Come not within my doores, thou hadst beene better,
Runne millions of miles bare-footed, than
Thus by your coy disdaine to have deluded me.
Oh mine owne flesh and blood, the mirrour of wit!
Now will I hence, and with all speed I may
Send for my sonne, ile have it done this day. *Exit old Flow.*

Mis. Flow. What, is he gone? and in so hot a chafe?
Well let him goe, I heed not question why,
For well I wot, his sute is cold, 'twill die.
Daughter, I gather by thy pleasant smiles,
Thy mother hath most interest in thy love,

Than discontented *Flower* thy aged father.

Phil. Mother, you have, for when I well consider
A mothers care unto her deare bought childe,
How tenderly you nurs'd and brought me up,
I could not be so much unnaturall
As to refuse the love you profer me,
Especially being for my chiefest good;
Therefore when married I intend to be,
My loy all husband shall be *Anthony*.

Mist Flo. Live ever then my deere deere daughter *Phillis*,
Let me imbrace thee in a mothers armes;
Thus, thus, and thus ile ever hugge my daughter,
Him hence thou send'st with frownes, me hence with laughter
Come *Phillis*, let us in.

Exit Mistris Flower.

Phil. Forsooth ile follow you.
Am not I a good childe thinke you,
To play with both hands thus against my parents?
Well, 'tis but a tricke of youth to say what they will,
Ile love the *Cripple*, and will hate them still. *Exit.*

Enter Cripple in his shop, and to him enter Frank.

Frank. Mirrour of kindnesse, extremities best friend,
While I breathe, sweet blood, I am thine,
Intreate me, nay command thy *Frankes* heart,
That wilt not suffer my ensuing smart.

Crip. Sweet Signior, thy advise in the reservation of those
Letters,
Which I will have you hide from eye of day,
Never to fetle the waroth of *Phebus* beames,
Till my selfes care most carefull of your weale,
Summon those lines unto the barre of joy.

Frank. I will not erre, deare friend in this command.

Crip. So much for that, now listen further *Frank*;
Not yet two houres expiration,
Have taken finall end, since beauties pride,
And natures better part of workemanship,

Beaute-

Beauteous *Phillis* was with me conſorted;
Where ſhe 'mongſt other pleaſing conference,
Burſt into termes of ſweet affection,
And ſaid, e're long ſhe would converſe with me
In private at my ſhop, whoſe wounded ſoule
Strucke with loves golden arrow lives in dread,
Till ſhe doe heare the ſentence of my love.
Or be condemn'd by judgement of fell hate.
Now ſince that gracious opportunity
Thus ſmiles on me, I will reſigne the ſame
To you my friend, knowing my unworthy ſelfe
Too foule for ſuch a beauty, and to baſe
To match in brightneſſe with that ſacred comet,
That ſhines like *Phœbus* in Londons Element;
From whence inferiour ſtarres derive their light:
Wherefore I will immediately you take
My crooked habite, and in that diſguiſe
Court her, yea winne her, for ſhe will be wonne,
This will I doe, to pleaſure you my friend.

Frank. For which my love to thee ſhall never end.

Crip. About it then aſſume this ſhape of mine,
Take what I have, for all I have is thine?
Supply my place to gaine thy hearts deſire,
So may you quench two hearts that burne like fire:
Shee's kinde to me, be ſhe as kinde to you,
What admiration will there then inſue?
Franke, I will leave thee, now be thou fortunate,
That we with joy your loves may conſummate,
Farewell, Farewell, when I returne againe,
I hope to finde thee in a pleaſing vaine. *Exit.*

Fran. Farewell deare friend, was ever knowne a finer policy
Now brothers, have amongſt you for a third part,
Nay, for the whole, or by my ſoule ile looſe all;
What though my father did bequeath his lands
To you my elder brethren, the moveables I ſue for
Were none of his: and you ſhall run through fire,
Before you touch one part of my deſire:
Am I not like my ſelfe in this diſguiſe,

Crooked in ſhape, and crooked in my thoughts?
Then am I a *Cripple* right, come wench, away,
Thy abſence breeds a terrour to my ſtay.

Enter Phillis.

Yonder ſhe comes, now frame thy hands to draw,
A worſer worke man never any ſaw.

Phil. Yea, yonder ſits the wonder of mine eye;
I have not beene the firſt whom deſtiny
Hath thwarted thus; imperious Love,
Either withdraw the ſhaft that wounds my heart,
Or grant me patience to endure my ſmart:
Remorceleſſe love, had any but thy ſelfe
Beene privie to my direfull paſſion,
How I conſume and waſte my ſelfe in love,
They would have beene, yea, much more pittifull:
But all availes not; demanding for my worke
Shall be a meanes to have ſome conference.

She ſpeakes to Franke.

Good morrow to you, is my handkercher done?

Frank. Yes, Miſtris *Flower*, it is finiſhed.

Phil. How ſweetly tunes the accent of his voice!
Oh, doe not blame me, deareſt love alive,
Though thus I dote in my affection;
I toyle, I labour, and I faine would thrive,
And thrive I may if thou wouldſt give direction:
Thou art the ſtaire whereby my courſe is led,
Be gracious then bright ſunne, or I am dead.

Frank. Faire Miſtris *Phillis*, ſuch wanton toyes as theſe,
Are for young Novices that will ſoone be pleas'd,
The carefull thoughts that hammer in my braine,
Bid me abandon wanton love, 'tis vaine.

Phil. For me it is.

Frank. Is my ungamiſhed, darke, and obſcure Cell,
A manſion fit for all-commanding love?
No, if thou wilt ſport with love,
And dally with that wanton amorous boy;
Hie thee unto the odoriferous groves.

Phil. There is no groves more pleaſant unto me,

Than to be ſtill in thy ſociety.

Frank. There of the choiſeſt fragrant flowers that grow
Thou maiſt deviſe ſweet roſeat Coronets,
And with the Nymphs that haunt the ſilver ſtreames,
Learne to intice the affable young wagge,
There ſhalt thou finde him wandring up and downe,
Till ſome faire Saint impale him with a crowne:
Be gone I ſay, and doe not trouble me,
For to be ſhort I cannot fancy thee.

Phil. For to be ſhort you cannot fancy me:
Oh cruell word, more hateſull than pale death,
Oh, would to God it would conclude my breath.

Frank. Forbeare, forbeare, admit that I ſhould yeeld:
Thinke you, your father would applaud my choice.

Phil. Doubt not thereof, or if he doe not, all's one,
So you but grant to my affection.

Crip. I am too baſe: *Phil.* My wealth ſhall raiſe thee up.

Crip. I am deform'd. *Phil.* Tut, I will beare with that.

Crip. Your friends diſlike brings all this out of frame.

Phil. By humble ſuit I will redreſſe the ſame.

Frank. Now to employ the vertue of my ſhape:
Faire miſtreſſe,
If heretofore I have remorſeleſſe beene,
And not eſteem'd your undeſerved love,
Whereby in the glaſſe of your affection
I ſee my great unkindneſſe; forgive what's paſt,
And heere I proffer all the humble ſervice
Your high priz'd love doth merit at my hands,
Which I confeſſe is more then I unable
Can gratifie: therefore command my toile,
My travell, yea my life to pleaſure you.

Phil. I take thee at thy word, proud of thy ſervice,
But yet no ſervant ſhalt thou be of mine,
I will ſerve thee, command, and ile obey:
This doth my ſoule more good, yea, ten times more,
Than did thy harſh deniall harme before.
Let us embrace like two united friends,
Heere love begins, and former hatred ends.

Enter Ferdinand, and Anthony walking together.

Ferd. Brother *Anthony*, what newes from *France*?
Are your ships return'd? I had rather *aside*
Heare newes from *Phillis*: Oh, brother *Franke*,
Thy absence makes me burne in passion.

Anth. Sir, I had letters from my factours there
Some three daies since; but the returne of one, *aside.*
Of one poore letter, yet not answered,
Makes me starke mad: a plague upon that porter,
Damn'd may he be for thus deluding me.

Ferdinand spies Phillis, and turnes backe.

How now brother, why retire you so?

Ferd. Yonders a friend of mine acquaintance,
With whom I would gladly have some conference,
I pray thee stay I will returne immediately.

Goe to Phillis and court them to themselves.

Anth. Of your acquaintance; is she so good brother?
Onely with you acquainted, and no other?
Faith ile try that, take heed sir what you doe:
If you begin to court, I needs must woe, *Goe to her too.*
Brother have you done?

Ferd. But two words more at most:
You have not then receiv'd any such letter?
A vengeance take the lazie messenger;
Brother if I live, ile quittance thee for this.

Frank. Good words deere brother, threatned men live long.

Anth. You have done. *Ferd.* Yes.

Anth. Then by your leave brother;
You had one word, I must have another. *Talke in private.*

Ferd. I know your businesse tends to no effect.
O that villaine *Franke*, it mads my soule
I am so wronged by a foolish boy.

Frank. That foolish boy may chance prove to be witty:
What and the elder brothers fooles? Oh 'tis pitty!

Anth. That villaine Porter hath deluded me,
Confusion guerdon his base villainie.

Frank. What are you cursing too? then we catch no fish:
Comes there any more, here's two Snights to a dish.

Ferd.

Phil. Well, since I have such opportunity,
Ile trust no longer to uncertainty.

He comes but against his private.

Anth. Is't so have brother? well, woo apace,
A while I am content to give you place.

Frank. Well, brother both, both do the best you can;
I feare young *Frank* will prove the happier man.

Phil. You have your answere, trouble me no more.

Ferd. Yet this is worse than my suspence before,
For then I liv'd in hope, now hope is fled.

Anth. What, male-content? is *Ferdinand* growne dead,
Fortune be blithe, and aide the second brother.

Talke in private.

Frank. Thinke you to have more favour than my other?
To her a God made, live not in suspence,
While you two strive, I needs must get the wench.

Phil. I am resolv'd, and sir you know my mind,

Frank. What, you repaire too? *Phillis* is too unkind:

Phil. Here sit my love, with his whose lovely breast
Lives my content, and all my pleasures rest,
And for a further confirmation,
Which to approve, even in sight of both you here present,
I give my hand, and with my hand, my heart,
My selfe, and all to him, and with this ring
Ile wed my selfe.

Frank. I take thy offering,
And for the gift you gave to me, take this,
And let us seale affection with a kisse.

Ferd. Oh sight intolerable!

Anth. A spectacle worse than death!

Frank. Now Gentlemen, please you draw neere and listen to the *Cripple*.

Give them the letters and they seeme and reade.

Know you that letter? sir, what say you to this?

Both. How came they to your hands?

Frank. Sirs, a porter even of late left the same with me,
To be delivered to this Gentlewoman.

Anth. A plague upon this porter; if I met him,

My rapiers point with a deaths wound shall greet him. *Exit.*
Ferd. *Franke* thou art a villaine, thou shalt know't ere long,
For proffring me such undeserved wroog. *Exit.*
Franke. So vomit forth the cheunie of all your spight,
These threats of yours procure me more delight.
Phil. Now gentle love, all that I have to say,
Is to entreat you seeke without delay,
My fathers kinde consent, for thou hast mine,
And though he frowne yet will I still be thine:
Make triall then, 'tis but thy labour lost,
Though he denies thee, it requires no cost.
Franke. I will assaile with expedition.
Phil. God, and good fortune goe with thee, farewell. *Exit.*
Franke. Well I will goe, but now in this disguise,
Arme thee with policy *Franke*, *Franke* must be wise,
Now would the substance of this borrowed shape
Were here in presence, and see where he came.
Enter the Cripple.
Poore in the weed fram'd limbes of nature, but
Rich in kindnesse beyond estimation,
Welcome deare friend, the kindest soule alive,
Here I resigne thy habit backe againe,
Whereby I prove the happiest man that breathes.
Crip. Hast thou then, sweet blood, beene fortunate?
Franke. Hearke, I will tell thee all: *Whispers.*
Enter Bowdler, Mall Berry, and Ralfe, Bowdler capers and sings.
Ralf. Faith sir, me thinkes of late you are very light.
Bow. As a feather, sweet Rogue, as a feather.
Have I not good cause? sweet *Mall*, sweet *Mall*,
Hath she not caus'd the same? well if I live, sweet minck,
Either by night or day I will requite your kindnesse.
Franke. Now I will take my leave, to put the same in practise. *Exit Franke.*
Crip. Good fortune waite on thee.
Bow. *Mall*, thou art mine, by thine owne consent;
How sayst thou *Mall*?
Mall. Yes forsooth.
Ralf. I am witnesse to.

Bow. But that is not sufficient *Mall*, if thou art content *Mall*, heer's a rogue hard by, a friend of mine, whom I will acquaint with our loves, and he shall be partaker of the match.

Ralfe. Nay sir, if you meane to have partners in the match, I hope *Ralfe* can helpe to serve your wives turne as well as another, what e're he be. How say you Mistresse?

Mall. All's one to me, whom he please.

Bow. Come then sweet *Mall*, weel to the Drawer, There to dispatch what I further intend.

Mall. And well remembred husband.

Ralf. A forward maiden by this light, husband before the Clarke hath said Amen.

Mall. He hath worke of mine, I pray forget it not.

Bow. I will not *Mall*. Now you lame rogue, where is this maiden worke? my wifes worke you rascall? quicke, give it her.

Crip. Sweet Signior, the sweet Nymphes worke is almost finished, but sweet blood, you drive me into admiration with your latter words, your sweet wives worke, I admire it!

Bow. I you halting rascall, my wives worke; shes a my wife before God and *Ralfe*, how saist thou *Mall*, art thou not?

Mall. Yes forsooth, and to confirme the same, Here in this presence, I plight my faith againe; And speake againe, what e're before was said, That none but you shall have my maiden-head.

Bow. A good wench *Mall*, yfaith, now will I to thy father for his good will, *Cripple*, see you remember what is past, for I will call thee in question for a witnesse if need require, farewell curre, farewell dogge. *Exit Bowdler and Ralfe.*

Crip. Adue fond humorist, Parenthesis of jests, Whose humour like a needlesse Cipher fils a roome; But now *Mall Berry*, a word or two with you; Hast thou forgotten *Barnet*? thy thoughts were bent with him.

Mall. On him *Cripple*! for what? was it for marriage?

Crip. It was for love, why not for marriage? O monstrous! Were I a maide and should be so bewitch'd, I'de pull my eyes out that did lend me light,

But these against my fortune, hoorde my fauors,
And close my heart, to yeelding her consent
To Bowdler's loue, that seeks by complement
Moll. Cripple, you lose your time, with your faire teates
To dreame vent my heate: *Bowdler* I loue thee,
Barnard I hate, and thou shalt proue my vow.
Crip. I will: thou dost loue *Bowdler*, and I can prooue it.
Moll. That I loue *Barnard*? by heauen I abhorre him.
Crip. Thou lou'st him, once again I say, thou lou'st him,
For all thou hast borne *Bowdler* fild in hand.
Moll. What wilt thou make me mad? I say, I hate him.
Crip. I say thou lou'st him; haue not I beene at home,
And heard thee in thy chamber praise his person,
And say he is a proper tittle man,
And pray that he would be sworne to thine?
Haue I not seene thee in the Bay-window
To sit cross-arm'd, take counsell of thy glasse,
And prune thy selfe to please young *Barnard* eye?
Sometimes curling thy haire, then practising smiles,
Sometimes rubbing thy filthy butter teeth,
Then pull the haires from off thy hairie browes,
Painting the veines vpon thy breasts with blew,
An hundred other trickes I saw thee vse,
And all for *Barnard*!
Moll. For *Barnard*? 'twas for *Bowdler*.
Crip. I say, for *Barnard*.
Nay more, thou know'st I lay one night at home,
And in thy sleepe I heard thee call on *Barnard*
Twenty times ouer.
Moll. Will you be sworne I did?
Crip. I, I will sweare it:
And art thou not asham'd to be chang'd,
To leaue the loue of a kinde Gentleman
To doate on *Bowdler*? Fie, fie, reclaime thy selfe,
Imbrace thy *Barnard*, take him for thy husband,
And saue his credit, who is else vndone,
By thy hard fathers hatefull cruelty.
Moll. Cripple, If thou canst proue that euer I

Did

Did fancy *Barnard*, I will love him still.

Crip. Why ile be ſwome thou doſt.

Moll. And that I dreamt on him in my ſleepe?

Crip. Ile be ſworne I could not ſleepe all night for her ſtarting; then didſt ſo rave on him,

Moll. I cannot tell, I may well be deceiv'd,
I thinke I might talke of him in my ſleepe,
And yet not know it; let me looke on him,
Yfaith he is a pretty handſome fellow,
'Tis pitty he ſhould waſte himſelfe in priſon.
Hey ho.

Crip. What's the matter wench?

Moll. Cripple, I will love him.

Crip. Wilt thou yfaith?

Moll. Yfaith I will. *Enter two Serjeants.*

Crip. Give me thy hand, a bargaine, 'tis enough.

Moll. But how ſhall he know I love him?

Crip. Why thus: I will increaſe the Serjeants
To goe with him along unto thy father.
And by the way ile ſend young *Bendlo* from us,
And then accquaint my *Barnard* with thy love,
He ſhall accept it and avouch the ſame.
Unto the father, vouch doe thou the like,
And then I hope his bonds are cancelled.

Barn. Cripple, ſhall we have your company?

Crip. My friends, hold here, there's money for your paines,
Walke with your priſoner but to maſter *Berry*,
And ye ſhall either finde ſufficient baile,
Or elſe diſcharge the debt, or I aſſure you
Wee'l be your ayd to guard him ſafe to priſon.

1. *Serjeant.* Well, we are willing ſir, we are content
To ſhew the Gentleman any kinde of favour.

Crip. Along then, beare maſter *Bendlo*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Maſter Flower, Maſter Flower, Maſter Berry, and Fiddle.

Maſ. Flow. Welcome good maſter *Berry*, is your ſtomach up ſir? it is a good conceit yfaith.

Fid. It is indeed sir.

Mas.Flo. What, *Fiddle*!

Fid. If his stomache be up to go to dinner.

Mas.Flo. *Fiddle*, bid Master *Berry* welcome.

Fid. What else Master with the best belly in my heart, the sweetest straine in my instrument, and the worst entertainement that may be, *Fiddle* bids your worship welcome.

Ber. Thankes *Fiddle*, and Master *Flower*, I am much beholding to your curtesie.

Mis.Flo. *Fiddle*, I wonder that he staies so long,
Thou toldst me *Anthony* would follow thee.

Fid. I, and heele be here I warrant you.

Mas.Flo. Ile tell you sir, it is a rare conceit,
My wife would have her marry *Anthony*,
The younger brother, but against her minde,
I will contract her unto *Ferdinand*,
And I have sent for you and other friends,
To witnesse it; and 'tis a good conceit.

Mas.Flo. *Fiddle*, are all things ordred well within?

Fid. All's well, all's well, but there wants some saffron,
To colour the custards withall.

Mis.Flo. Here take my keyes, bid *Susan* take enough.

Mas.Flo. *Fiddle*, are all our guests come yet?

Fid. I sir, and here comes one more than you look'd for.

Enter Franke. *Exit.*

Frank. God save you Master *Flower*, as much to you Master *Berry*.

Mas.Flo. Welcome M. *Golding*, y'are very welcome sir.

Frank. My brother *Ferdinand* commends him to you,
And here's a letter to you from himselfe.

Mas.Flo. A letter sir? it is a good conceit,
Ile read it strait.

Gives the other Letter to Mistris Flower.

Master Flower, *I am beholding to you for your kindnesse, and your further motion in my love-suit, but my mind is changed, and I will not marry your daughter, and so farewell.*

This is no good conceit; what? *Ferdinand*
Delude old *Flower*, make me deceive my friends.

Make

Make my wife laugh, and triumph in her will?
What thinke you *Fiddle*?

Fid. Why sir, I thinke it is no good conceit.

Maſ. Flo. Thou ſaidſt true *Fiddle*, 'tis a bad conceit.
But heare you ſir, *Miſtris Flower readst her Letter.*
I underſtand by Fiddle your forwardneſſe in my ſuit to your daughter: but nevertheleſſe I am determined to draw backe, and commit your daughter to her beſt fortunes, and your ſelfe to God; Farewell.
Why this is like my husbands bad conceit,
Have you thereſcht me *Flower*, you crafty fox?
This is your doing, but for all your ſleights
Ile croſſe you if my purpoſe hit aright.

Frank. Tut, tell not me ſir, for my credit and reputation is as it is, and there's an end: if I ſhall have her, why ſo am I.

Maſ. Flo. Sir, the conceit is doubtfull, give me leave but to conſider of it by my ſelfe.

Frank. With all my heart.

Miſ. Flo. Maſter *Golding*, a word I pray ſir.
You know my daughter *Phillis*, doe you not?

Frank. Miſtris, I doe.

Maſ. Flo. Shee is a ſtarre, I tell you.

Frank. She is no leſſe indeed.

Miſ. Flo. I tell you ſir, upon the ſodaine now,
There came an odde conceit into my head,
Are you a batchellor?

Frank. I am indeed.

Miſ. Flo. And are not you promiſed?

Frank. Not yet believe me.

Maſ. Flo. Maſter *Golding*, I ſhall have her.

Miſ. Flo. Well, doe you heare ſir? if you will be pleas'd
To wed my daughter *Phillis*, you ſhall have her.

Frank. To wed your daughter? why ſhe loves me not.

Miſ. Flow. All's one for that, ſhe will be rul'd by me:
Diſdaine her not becauſe I proffer her,
I tell you ſir, Merchants of great account
Have ſought her love, and Gentlemen of worth
Have humbly ſued to me in that behalfe:

To say the truth, I protest I love her so dear,
But I am crost'd and thwarted by your husband,
Who weenes to marry her unto his brother.
Now sir, to end this controuersie for this gallant,
I offer her to you, if you accept her,
Ile make her dowry richer by a paire
Of hundred pounds than else it should have beene.

Frank. Why this is excellent, past all compare,
Sued to, to have her; gentle mistris *Flower*,
Let me consider of it.

Mis. Flow. Nay, nay, deferre no time if you will have her;
Ile search my coffers for another hundred.

Frank. Say I should yeeld, your husband will withstand it.

Mis. Flow. The best is he's safely dead without his knowledge;
Is it a match?

Frank. Well, well, I am content.

Mis. Flo. Why then old *Flower*, ile credit your close conueyance.

Ma. Flow. It shall be so; and 'tis a good conceit.
It shall be so if he can beguile my wife,
Hearke master *Golding*, that conceit doth like me,
You love my daughter; so me thought you said;
You said moreover, that she lov'd me well;
This loves on both sides is a good conceit.
But are you sure sir, that my daughter loves you?

Frank. For proofe she gaue me this.

Mas. Flow. A ring of hers? 'tis well.

Frank. I, but conceit me,
If I had wood her in my proper shape,
I doe beleeve she never would have lik'd me,
Therefore since I shall have her, give me leaue
To court her in my borrowed shape.

Mas. Flow. With all my heart, and 'tis a good deuice.
And hast'e my lad, for *Golding* alone is he
That must be father *Flower* unto your wife.

Frank. And so he shall be *Flower*, and upon your promise
Ile leave you for a while, whilst I put on
My counterfeited shape, and return.

Mas. Flo. Welcome good *Flower*, 'tis well, by this meanes
My wife will be preuented of her will.

To

I would

I would not for the halfe of my wealth,
My crosse-word wife had compast'd her intent:
Now wife,

Mis. Flo. Now husband.

Mas. Flo. You still maintaine the fute for *Anthony*,
You'l have your will, and I must breake my word.

Mis. Flo. Ieast on old *Flower*, be crosse, and doe thy worst,
Worke the best meanes thou canst, yet whilst I live
I sweare she never shall wed *Ferdinand*.

Mas. Flo. What shall she not?

Mis. Flo. No that she shall not.

Mas. Flo. I say, she shall.

Mis. Flo. Yfaith she shall not,

Mas. Flo. No?

Mis. Flo. No.

Mas. Flo. Well wife, I am vext, and by Gods precious.

Mas. Berry. O sir, be patient, gentle Mistris *Flower*,
Crosse not your husband, let him have all his will.

Mis. Flow. His will?

Mas. Flo. Hearst thou wife, be quiet, thou knowest my humour,
Thus to be crost, it is no good conceit.

Mis. Flow. A fig for your conceit; yet for because,
I know I shall prevent him of the match,
That he intends, henceforth I will dissemble.
Well Master *Flower*, because it shall be sayd,
And for kind Master *Berry* may report
The humble loyalty I beare to you,
Such as a wife should doe unto her husband.
I am content to yeeld to your desires,
Protesting, whiles I live, I never more
Will speake that *Anthony* may marry her.

Mas. Flow. Wife speakst thou with thy heart?

Mis. Flow. Husband, I doe.

Mas. Flow. Dost thou indeed?

Mis. Flow. Indeed forsooth I doe.

Mas. Flo. Then 'tis a good conceit: ha, ha;
I see 'tis sometimes good to looke aloft,
Come hither wife, because thou art so humble,

Ile tell thee all, I have receiv'd a letter
From *Ferdinand*, wherein he sends me word,
He will not marry with my daughter *Phillis*,
And therefore I was full determined
To crosse thy purpose that his Brother *Franke*
Should marry her, and so I still intende
What saist thou wife, dost thou assent thereto?

Mist. Flo. That *Franke* shall marry her, I have sworne he shall;
And since it falles so right, ile not disclose,
That I did meane so much; but now ile yeeld,
That it may seeme my true humility:
Husband, because hereafter you may say,
And thinke me loyall, loving, and submisse,
I am content, *Franke* shall have my consent.

Mast. Flo. Why now thou shew'st thy selfe obedient,
And thou dost please me with thy good conceit.

Enter Barnard, Mall, and two Sergeants.

Bar. By your leave Master *Flower*, *Berry* I am arrested at your suite.

Ber. And I am glad of it, with all my heart:
Hold friends, there's some what more for you to drinke,
Away with him to prison.

Bar. Stay Master *Berry*, I have brought you baile.

Ber. What baile? where is your baile? there's none I know
Will be his baile, away with him to prison.

Mall. Yes, I forsooth father, ile be his baile,
Body for body; thinke you ile stay at home,
And see my husband carried to the Jaile?

Ber. How, thy husband?

Mall. My husband I assure you;
Father, these Serjeants both can witnesse it.

1. *Ser.* We saw them both contracted man and wife,
And therefore thought it fit to give you knowledge,
Before we carried him unto the prison.

Ber. But ile undoe this contract with my blessing.
Daughter, come from him, hee's a reprobate.

Mall. He is my husband.

Ber. But thou shalt not have him.

Mall. Faith but I will, *Barnard*, speake for thy selfe.

Ber. Why M. *Berry*, 'tis well knowne to you,
I am a Gentleman, though by misfortune,
My ventures in the world have somewhat fail'd me:
Say that my wealth disables my desert?
The difference of our bloud supplies that want.
What though my lands be morgag'd, if you please,
The dowry you intend to give your daughter,
May well redeeme them. You perhaps imagine
I will be wild, but I intend it not.
What shall I say? If you will give consent,
As you redeeme my lands, so I my time ill spent
Meane to redeeme with frugall industry
Ile be your councells pupill, and submit
My follies to your will, mine to your wit.

Ber. What thinke you Master *Flower*?

Mis. Flo. Faith Master *Berry*,
Barnard speakes well, and with a good conceit.

Ber. Dust thou love him *Mall*?

Mall. Yes sir, and here protest,
Of all in *London* I love *Barnard* best.

Mas. Flo. Then Master *Berry*, follow my conceit.
Cancell his bond, and let him have your daughter.

Ber. Well *Barnard*, since I see my daughter loves thee,
And for I hope thou wilt be kind and loving,
Regard thy state, and turne an honest man,
Here, take my daughter, Ile give thee in thy bond,
Redeeme thy lands, and if thou please me well,
Thou shalt not want, all that I have is thine.

Bar. I am bound to her, to you in duty,
You conquer me with kindnesse, she with beauty.

1. *Ser.* Then Master *Berry* I think we may depart.

Ber. I, when you please, you see the matter ended,
The debt's discharg'd, and I can aske no more.

1. *Ser.* Why then we take our leaves. *Exeunt Serjeants.*

Mas. Flo. Now wife, if young *Frankes Golding* were come back,
To summe our wish, it were a good conceit: *Enter Phil.*
Why how now *Phillis*, sad? come tell me wench,

Art thou resolv'd yet for to have thy husband?

Phil. A golden *Golding*, 'tis a good conceit.
That golden *Golding* is but loathsome drosse,
Nor is it gold that I so much esteeme,
Dust is the richest treasure that we have,
Nor is the beauty of the fairest one,
Of higher price or valew unto me,
Than is a lumpe of poore deformity.
Father, you know my minde, and what I said,
Which if you grant not, I will rest a maide. *Enter Fid.*

Maſ. Flo. To die a maide, that is no good conceit.

Fid. Master, where's my master? here's one would couple a brace of words with you.

Ma. Flow. With me sir?

Fid. No sir, with my young Mistris.

Miſ. Flow. What is he knave?

Fid. A crooked knave sir, 'tis the *Cripple*.

Ma. Flo. What would he have? he hath no good conceit,
'Tis he that hath bewitch'd my daughters heart,
He is a knave, goe send him packing hence.

Phil. As you respect the welfare of your child,
Deere father, let me speake with him.

Ma. Flo. Speake with him? no, it is no good conceit,
I know he comes to runne away with thee.

Fid. Runne away with her? well my fine carry him, lucifer he runne away with her, he never trost snatch mutch.

Maſ. Flo. Thou saist true *Fiddle*, 'tis a good conceit:
Goe call him in, *Franke Golding*, it is fit, *Exit Fid.*
In the lame knaves disguise, a good conceit; *Enter Franke.*
Now sir, what's the newes with you, you come to speake with my daughter?

Franke. Yea sir, about a little worke I have to doe.

Maſ. Flow. What worke, you knave? no, thou hast some conceit, to rob me of my daughter, but away with it, I like not that conceit, out of my doores.

Phil. unhappy *Phillis*, and unfortunate!

Franke. Sir, I am content, he not move your patience.

Phil. Life of my living body, if thou goe.

Though not alive take me hence dead with woe, *for fortune's,*
Berry. In troth sir, you are too blame.
Ma. Flow. What, is she dead? it is no good conceit.
Speake to me *Phillis*, O happy time,
Sweete Girle, deere daughter, O my onely joy,
Speake to thy father wench, in some conceit,
What, not a word?
Berry. Now may you see, what fell impatience
Begets upon such tender plants as these.
Mis. Flow. Now may you see the folly of old age,
Govern'd by splene, and ever-waving rage,
Mas. Flow. Speake to me, daughter,
And thou shalt have, what not? covet'st thou gold?
Thou shalt not want for crownes, thou shalt have all,
O was my fury author of thy trance?
Did I deny thy loves accesse to thee?
Speake but one word and thou shalt be his wife,
By heaven thou shalt.
Phil. I take you at your word, it is no paine
To die for love, and then revive againe.
Berry. Now M. *Flowre*, how like you this conceit?
Hath she not overreach'd you?
Mas. Flo. My word is past, and yet for all my rage,
I rather choose to faile in my conceit,
And wed thee *Phillis* to thy owne content.
Heere, take my daughter, *Cripple*, love her well,
Be kind to her, and ile be kind to thee,
Thou art but poore, well I will make thee rich,
And so God blesse you, with a good conceit,
Frank. I thanke you, when I leave to love my wife,
Heaven hasten death, and take away my life.
Mas. Flow. 'Tis well done *Franke*, I applaud thy wit,
And I know I faile not in conceit.

Enter Cripple, Ferdinand, Anthony, Bowdler,

Crip. Gentlemen, sweet bloods, or brethren of a family,
I would speake with *Phillis*, shall I have audience?

Phil. Helpe me deare father, O helpeing Gentlemen,
This is some spirit, drive him from my sight.
Frank. Were he the devill, thou shouldst not budge a foote.
Bow. Zounds two *Cripples*, two dogs, two curres, 'tis wonderfull!
Frank. Feare not deare heart.
Phil. Hence foule deformity.
Nor thou, nor he, shall my companion be;
If *Cripples* dead, the living seeme to haunt,
Ile neither of either, therefore I say avaunt;
Helpe me, father.
Franks. Deere heart, revoke these words,
Here are no spirits, nor deformities,
I am a counterfeit, Cripple now no more,
But young *Franke Golding* as I was before:
Amaze not love, nor seeme nor discontent,
Nor thee, nor him shall ever this repent.
Ferd. M. *Elsow*, I come to claime your promise.
Anth. I come for yours, your daughter I doe meane.
Mas. Flo. My promise? why sir, you refus'd my promise,
And sent me word so in your letter.
Mis. Flo. And so did you to me, and now 'tis past,
Your brother *Franke* hath both our free consents.
Ferd. Sir, sir, I wrote no letter.
Anth. By heaven, nor I.
Frank. But I did for you both; I was your Scribe,
The whilst you went to see your house on fire:
And you (as I remember) I did send,
To see your sister drown'd at London bridge.
Ferd. Yfaith, good brother, have you ore-reach'd us so?
Anth. So cunningly, that none of us could know?
For all this cunning, I will breake the match.
Anth. And so will I.
Frank. Why brothers, she's mine by her fathers gift.
Ferd. Brother you lie, you got her with a shift.
Frank. I was the first that lov'd her.
Ferd. That's not so, 'twas I.
Anth. Catch that catch can, then brothers both you lie.
M. Elsow. Yet, but conceive me Gentlemen, what doe you

meane

meane to spoile my daughter? you claim her, and I have given
her your younger brother; this is no good conceit: why how
now *Phillis*, still drooping, cheare thee my girle, see a com-
pany of Gentlemen are at strife for thy love looke up, and in
this faire assembly make thine owne choice; choose where
thou wilt, and use thine owne conceit.

Phil. But will my father then applaud my choice?

Maſ.Flo. I will.

Phil. And will these worthy Gentlemen be pleas'd,
How ever my dislike or liking prove?

All. We will.

Phil. I must confesse you all have taken paines,
And I can give but all for that paines taken,
And all my all, is but a little love,
And of a little who can make division?
I would I knew what would content you all.

Ferd. Thy love.

Anth. Thy life, and love.

Frank. Thy life, thy love, thy selfe, and all for me,
For if I want but one, I then want thee.

Phil. If then I give what either of you crave,
Though not what I desire, will it suffice?

Ferd. I wish but love.

Phil. And as a friend you have it.

Anth. I life and love.

Phil. And as your friend, I vow to love you whilst I live, as

Frank. I aske but all, for I deserve no more.

Phil. And thou shalt have thy wish, take all my store,
My love, my selfe.

Frank. By heaven, I aske no more:
Brothers, have done, and Dad, to end all strife,
Come take her hand and give her for my wife.

Maſ.Flo. With all my heart, and 'tis a good conceit.

Bow. Gentlemen, patience is your fairest play.

Ferd. Impatience puls me hence, for this disdaine,
I am resolv'd never to love againe. *Exit.*

Anth. Stay brother *Ferdinand*, ile follow thee,
Farewell all love, 'tis full of treachery. *Exit.*

Bow.

Bow. By heauen *Frank* I doe commend thy wit,
Come *Moll*, shall thou and I aske blessing too for company?

Moll. You and I sir, alas, we are no play-fellowes, though we be turtles: I am prouided.

Bow. Prouided? why am not I thy *Mouldwarp*?

Moll. I sir, but this my *Parke*, was resolu'd
And what I doe, is by authority.

Bow. Is it euen so, is *Hellen* stolne by *Paris*?
Then this braues will *Menelaus* mourne,
Till *Troy* be sack'd, and *Helland* returne. *Exit.*

Enter M. *Wood, and Officers.*

Wood. This is the man, officers attach him upon fellony.

Office. M. *Flower*, I arrest you upon fellony, and charge you to obey.

Mas. Flo. Arrest me upon fellony? at whose suit?

Wood. Sir, at mine, where had you that Diamond on your finger, it was stole from me, and many other Iewels, to the value of an hundred pound.

Mas. Flo. This is no good conceit, saith Captaine *Racket*,
Banded old *Flower* to such an exigent,
I hope my credit some-what will auaile me,
Well, whether must I goe?

Wood. Straight to the bench, where now the Iudges sate
To give you speedy tryall.

Mas. Flo. Words here are little worth, wife and friends all
Goe with me to my tryall, you shall see
A good conceit now brought to infamy. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.